

# THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Feb. 20, 1938

## Awful Week-ends

By the  
Brilliant  
Satirist  
**FISH**

Visiting a  
Surrealist  
Artist



1- To Be Asked to Stay With Nofoolski the Sculptor Is Very Flattering Indeed



2- Mrs. Nofoolski Points Out That Her Husband's Trance Means Inspiration



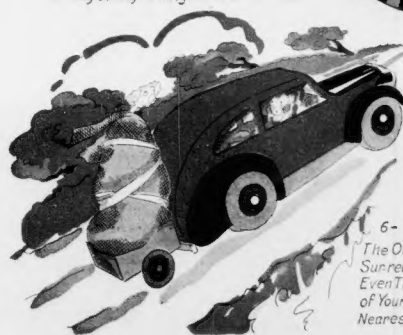
3- "Will You Graciously Sit For the Head of My Masterpiece-Surrealistica Eve?" Asks Mr. Nofoolski



4- Numb With Flattery You See That Clod of Clay Slowly Turning Into Your Portrait



5- "Ah! Now You See the All Together My Surrealistica Eve!" Says Mr. Nofoolski. Numb With Indescribable Horror, You Almost Fade Out.



6- The Only Thing to Do Is to Buy Surrealistica Eve at Any Price-Even Though It Takes the Rest of Your Life to Pay-Hasten to the Nearest Precipice and Hurl Her Over

FISH

# How The Earth Looks From The Moon At Mars

FROM Mars, if seen through a telescope, the earth would look as though it's laced with canals that must be many miles wide. With the naked eye, a man on Mars would look up in the blue sky for the earth and see it shining like a tiny star.

But from the silent moon, the earth is itself a moon, appearing in its first, second, third and last quarters, with the passage of time. When the earth is full, that is when the entire face of the earth can be seen. Lighted up as it is by a reflection of the sunlight, it bares one of the most splendid sights that any man could wish for, as described in a recent volume.

Here is how the fantastic sensation is described by the scholarly yet entertaining Professor G. Van Den Bergh, in his remarkable book, "Astronomy for the Millions," translated from the Dutch by Joan C. H. Marshall and Th. de Vrijer and recently published by E. P. Dutton and Company. It is not necessary to wait for the distant day when rockets will take passengers to other worlds. Through this imaginary reconstruction, anybody can have a look at the earth for himself.

"It is icily cold all around me. But all my attention is taken up by the sphere of the earth, which shines with superb brilliance overhead. It looks almost four times as big as the moon seen from the earth. Its surface must be about 14 times as large. What a magnificent orb in the vault of heaven! I gaze and gaze at it; then I deary a dark patch on its ocean. By its shape I recognize it as the Pacific. In the north I see a white patch, the ice and snow of the North Pole—it is springtime on earth and I can see the North and South Poles at a time. Yes, indeed, there is the Antarctic region—I can tell by the whiteness of its ice and snowfields.

"Look, there is Japan, the Philippine Islands, the East Indies. There is Eastern Siberia, under a cold, gray snow. And yet for all this, the image I see is not as clear as I could wish. Here and there it is vague, shadowy, broken up by spots and lines. Of course, there must be clouds over some parts that prevent me from seeing the surface of the earth.

"After watching this spectacle for some time I perceive what I have been expecting, but what is all the same a sensation at first: I see the earth turning round on its axis from West to East. On the Eastern edge of the globe I see part of the Pacific Ocean slip round the rim and disappear into the earth night. On the Western edge, the Pacific Ocean is visible: there comes the Indian Ocean, India, Central Siberia, then Persia, Arabia and at last Africa, Europe. I gaze through my telescope and find England; I can just make it out on the edge of the continent of Europe.

"This marvelous sight has kept me spellbound for hours

THE CURSE OF THE "Evil Earrings of the Vignyazos"—ill-fated jewels that have left a trail of agony, injury, misfortune and insanity through three generations of the noble Vignyazos family in Hungary, has fallen again, say devout residents of Budapest, and as a result an unlucky jewel thief will spend most of the rest of his life in prison.

A short time ago a telephone rang in the office of Gera Volovitch, chief secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Budapest, and the excited, almost tearful voice of scholarly George Labovsky, curator of the famous Vignyazos Museum, announced that a theft had occurred in the museum and that priceless relics and jewels had been stolen.

A few minutes later detectives raced to Rakoszentimre, a small town just outside Budapest, ancestral home of the once powerful Vignyazos family and the site of the museum. The gray-walled, barred-windowed chateau had been left to the Royal Academy of Sciences by the last of the Vignyazos—Count Ferenc Vignyazos, with the evil-ddest earrings in the pockets of a tattered coat, he had leaped from the window of a sanatorium where he had been confined.

Inside the chateau, in the dingy, half-light, detectives found the distracted curator, Labovsky, standing before a shattered glass panel of a great case that once had held a fortune in jewels—part of the valuable and irreplaceable court costumes of the old royal Hungarian monarchy. A member of the Vignyazos clan who had died nearly half a century before, Great Duke Rudolph, was buried in a sarcophagus encrusted with diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

And also gone were the "Evil Earrings of the Vignyazos"—named by superstitious retainers of the once great family who believed them the curse that had wrecked the lives of three generations of the clan.

The great jewel-studded gold grille alone was valued at more than \$100,000. All told the thief had made way with over 1,000,000 pengos worth of historic jewels worth \$300,000 worth. Oddly enough the ill-fated earrings were about the least valuable loot in the lot. The brilliant opals, of an odd green shade, were worth possibly \$1,000 for the pair.

Labovsky, the curator, was so excited he could hardly list the stolen jewels for the police. It was apparent that the scholarly antiquarian feared the robbery would lose him his job.

Finally, however, after the sympathetic assurance by his superiors that he could be held to blame, he explained that on the evening before he had opened a small window, barred as were all the others, that opened on a court, in order to air the dusty old museum. It was believed a small person had worked his way in.

Descriptions of the missing gems and the historical pieces were immediately broadcast to pawn shops throughout the country. The detective agencies were alerted to work with the custom of the museum, photographs of all the missing jewels were on file in the archives of the Royal Academy of Sciences. Hundreds of copies of these photographs were made and distributed to pawnshops.

It was then that the detective got the greatest surprise of their lives. Hardly had the prints been sent out than the police began pouring into a police station. Fourteen of them remembered distinctly having handled some portion of the Vignyazos loot.

But the astonishing thing was that all of them had

# Another Victim For The Evil Earrings Of The Vignyazos

bought their bits of the treasure more than a year before the robbery.

Detectives were hastily put on the trail of the only man who could now be suspected of the robbery—George Labovsky, the scholarly antiquarian, curator of the museum. He was confronted by the men who pawned his pieces.

Frightened, the curator finally broke down. "It is the curse," he shrieked. "The curse of the evil earrings." He then told a strange story of the terrible fascination the earrings had held for him. Never in his long life had Labovsky even been suspected of dishonesty. The directors of the Royal Academy had placed him in charge of treasures worth several million dollars.

"But they gave me a curse to tend," sobbed Labovsky. "Those earrings are damned. They have brought death and unhappiness to all who have owned them. They have wrecked the lives of every owner. And now they have wrecked my life. I have never been a thief," he said sadly. "I have loved beautiful old things all my life. I have studied them, and when time has damaged them, I have been given the gift to restore them. But I loved them too much to have ever thought of evil in connection with them. But that was before I saw them in the museum."

He went on to tell how the treasure, relatively cheap baubles had fascinated him. He sat for hours before the case where they were kept, staring at them, he said. "I would open the case and fondle them. The glittering green eyes of some tiger cat I'm sure they were. They burned. Burned clear into my brain until all

I could know was that I had to own them. Then he started to gamble, he said. He had never gambled before. But he had never stolen before, either. "It was not me who did those things," he told the detectives.

"It was the curse—the curse of the earrings." He lost. He lost more money than his salary as curator could cover. It was then that he had pawned a small portion of the treasure—the portion that led to his arrest and disgrace. He had not stolen the jewels to convert them into money, he told detectives. He had stolen them because of the strange lust for them that had come over him.

And that part of his story, at least, appeared to be true, for at Labovsky's direction, police disclosed more than three-quarters of the stolen treasures, buried in the cold ashes of an unused stove in his home. And on top of the hell gleamed the green eyes of the opals.

The queer baubles that have for so long been linked with the tragedies that occurred to the family were first purchased by Baron Podmaniczky in Paris as a gift for his sweetheart. She died four years later.

The earrings were found, after the Baron's death, by his daughter by a later wife. She wore them only once. She was attending a ball in Budapest, and as she stepped from her carriage she fell and broke her neck. The girl remained a cripple, and years later, a broken girl, died in a bed of rage.

The earrings passed on to Count Ferenc. The eccentric young nobleman had a strange passion for jewels, especially the ill-fated earrings, which he carried as an amulet. With every social affair, he too, became a miserably drunkard. "Let my cursed line die out," he once told one of his few intimates. A short time later the young count leaped to his death.

And so it happened, the young count died in vain. The curse outlived the Vignyazos family, to strike again at the scholarly, kindly antiquarian, and turn him into a thief, betrayer of the trust that was his.



For Hours the Old Man Would Stare Into the Luminous Pale-Green Opals, and Their Terrible Fascination, He Said, Ruined His Life as It Had Ruined All the Vignyazos Who Had Anything to Do With The Not Very Valuable Baubles.

# Wedding Error Joined Bride To The Best Man

AL because the best man got on the right side of the bride by mistake, a bride at Belfast, Ireland, found herself married to the wrong man the other day. The prize case of stupidity took place in the Presbyterian Church, in Killybeg, when Miss Rebecca Cunningham was to have been married to Christopher Craig, who lives at Castlerigg in the same county.

Miss Cunningham went down the aisle expecting to become Mrs. Craig, and after it was all over found herself Mrs. Muldoon instead. Albert Muldoon was very much surprised when he was told.

It was all very confused from the beginning, and got worse as time went on. The best man was also the chauffeur, and drove the couple to the church himself. One of the clergymen was only recently entered into the ministry, and so it was the first wedding in which he took part. He was, in fact, as excited about the affair as if it were his own to be married.

The Rev. William Duncan, who actually conducted the service, is a retired clergyman. No members of the families of the bride or bridegroom were present, and neither clergyman knew any of the persons asking the marriage.

They decided at the last minute that they must have a bridesmaid, and so the couple persuaded the church caretaker to be one.

But the novice clergyman was so flustered that in the general excitement the party got out of their regular positions. The best man went to the place usually occupied by the bridegroom.

What resulted was comical. Like a triangle in the story, the second man, the bride and the best man who expected to be the husband was left out. For some brides such a state of affairs might perhaps be desirable—no would prefer the best man because he is more handsome, or has some money, or perhaps just out of sheer wickedness and contrariness. Perhaps the girl really wants the best man more often than is known, but couldn't get him to say "I do." In the case of Miss Cunningham, however, she wanted to marry her fiancé and nobody else—but her wishes were overlooked in the matter.

In fact, nobody was pleased. Certainly not the clergyman, who were upset by the whole thing. Certainly not the groom, who was empty-handed. And not the best man, who had no intention of getting married and, in fact, was sniffling all along at the thought that he was going scot-free and that it was his friend who was getting himself involved.

But he might have remembered the proverb coined by Benjamin Franklin, "Do unto others what you would



When the Error Was Discovered There Was General Consternation, and the Minister Had to Apologize for Having Joined the Bride to the Best Man, and the Ceremony Had to Be Done Through All Over Again.

have others to do unto you." He should not have wished on a friend what he himself didn't want.

The bride was between the two men. Actually, the best man should have been on the right side of the groom, but he was on the left. The bride, however, seeing a man where the groom should be, didn't realize it was the wrong man. He asked the best man all the questions. When he got to the part of "Do you take this woman," the best man hesitated for a moment and the bride piped up, "Yes, of course he does."

The clergyman said that wasn't enough—the man would have to speak for himself. What happened then doesn't seem to be clear to anybody. Whether it was the would-be husband who said yes, or whether the best man obligingly said yes, isn't certain yet. One of the men said, "I do," and the clergyman proceeded.

After the fantastic wedding, the minister shook hands with everyone and asked the man he had married, "Your name is Craig?" Any relation to the Belfast Craig? "Oh, no, I'm not Craig, I'm Muldoon," was the unexpected reply.

"But I thought I was marrying a Mr. Craig," said the perplexed Rev. Mr. Duncan.

"Well, you were," the best man answered.

"Your name isn't Craig," the minister replied. "I married you to the bride."

The consternation, it was reported in London newspapers, was great. What was to be done? The bride and bridegroom legally married, even though they were at odds and not the lovebirds.

The bride could not be consoling by the minister. It was a situation worthy of Shakespeare, with everybody being what he didn't want to be and never planned to be. And the clergyman, with British directness, decided that since it was a mistake, there was nothing to do but to begin all over again.

The French would probably have required a legal certificate of divorce and all kinds of delays—but, with Irish common sense, it was decided in this case to put aside such unnecessary burdens.

The ceremony was begun all over again. This time the bridegroom was put in his proper place and kept there, and the couple who had gone to get married finally were married. They had to go through the ceremony twice to get over, but they didn't mind. They said they wouldn't mind getting married a hundred times, so long as it all came out right in the end and they were still married to each other. The best man feels he had a narrow escape and vows he'll never take part in a wedding again—there's too much danger, he says, because maybe next time he won't be so lucky in getting out of a mistake.

On His Imaginary But Scientifically Checked Sojourn on the Moon, Professor G. Van Den Bergh Tells How The Earth Gaze Through His Pawns Like a Moon. Here, It Is "Full Earth," With the Oceans and Continents Plainly Visible.

Now I see the Atlantic Ocean; in a few hours time America will appear to my view.

"The moment of full earth is approaching. And then on the left rim of the earth, in the Atlantic Ocean, at the time when day is breaking there, there appears a small black spot, no larger than a dot. It moves rapidly over the earth to the northeast, quicker than the earth's rotation. The spot with the smudged ring round it rapidly passes over Europe and after a few hours disappears at the Eastern edge at the moment that night falls there.

"I have thus, with my own eyes, followed the course of a total eclipse of the sun on the earth. I have watched the small round shadow of the moon, on which I am standing, travel over the earth. How near it seemed, how close to one another do earth and moon belong!"

As for the imaginary visit to Mars, from there the earth is visible to the observer's eye only when it is not in conjunction with the sun. That is, when the earth is not too near the sun, it can be seen both by day and by night. But when sun and earth are close together, the earth is not visible either in the daytime or at night.

When visible to the eye, the earth revealed far more to the telescope. "I saw first of all," writes the imaginative scientist, "Eastern Europe, then Western Europe, appearing on its crescent. Schiaparelli and Lowell ought to have a look about here. Their tales about the canals here, and hence the highly-cultivated inhabitants of this planet, tempted me to pay this visit. I wish they were able to come here, too, and see how even the very first drop of water is lacking. They would never find their canals. There are not even ditches, or tracks. Their canals are through the air, being of moisture. And where, in places, in a long, narrow valley, plants spring up, a dark strip is really formed.

"But I recently saw myself how pardonable their error, their optical delusion, was. I was looking up at the earth, at Europe, through my telescope. I saw one channel there, the English Channel. So that was all right. But as I gazed I found that it looked as though there were many more. All dark, scarcely visible spots in Europe seemed to be connected by thin black lines. Europe seemed a network of canals that must each be many miles wide."

Not only does Professor Van Den Bergh explore the moon and Mars with the available knowledge of science and astronomy, but he also discusses the planets, the stars, the Milky way, the universe, the past and the future, in terms that make sense. His book is more than a timetable of astronomy—it is the saga of that science, yet written so clearly, plainly and entertainingly that all can understand and enjoy it.

STOP your child from swearing and he'll be a cursing man. Rather than let that happen, an international organization devoted to the pledge to fight against blasphemy has decided children shouldn't be forced to put aside their favorite impropriety expressions.

In fact, rather than teach children good manners and polite speech, one should encourage them to use homey expressions and to swear to their heart's content. Such was the astonishing resolution passed recently by the anti-blasphemy group in Amsterdam.

Many prominent churchmen, chiefly from the Balkan states, attended the conference. The Archbishop of Athens, an Armenian Bishop, the Chief Rabbi of Greece and other well-known religious leaders were present. Laymen were in the majority, however. The speakers were not altogether in agreement. In fact, so impassioned did the argument become, some observers kept expecting the anti-swearing members to start in swearing. But they kept their temper and did not disgrace their cause.

It was generally agreed that swearing must be stamped out. The organization seemed to know just how to manage it. Past methods appeared to have failed. That is why everybody was interested in the proposal put forward by a Romanian psychologist.

He said that swearing is an infantile instinct, something one normally grows out of. But not if it is repressed in childhood. If swearing is not allowed free scope then the instinct to swear grows with age.

Swearing, he said, is a lack of control. Thus, children

give expression to their fury by hitting the object that annoys them. If that is not possible, or dangerous, they verbally abuse the bully or whoever has annoyed them. It's their way to punish what hurts them. Thus they also swear at a toy which they trip over. But if they are punished for this, they are taught to use homey words, the impulse sticks in the back of their minds and stays frustrated but wakeful. Years later, when the children grow up and out of the control of their mothers, governors or teachers, they go back to blasphemy with all the vigor and maturity of their years. They are then men talking the language of infants just the way some men play with toys because they never were allowed to do so when they were little.

The suggestion was welcomed because almost all the other arguments on how to prevent adults from swearing failed. Once a person is grown-up, the childish habit is so ingrained that it seems to be almost out of the question to stop it.

Another speaker said that there is swearing and swearing, and the cultural standard of a nation can be judged by the violence, variety, style and fluency with which it swears. Some of the members wondered why he was at the convention at all, he seemed to rate swearing so highly. But the speaker pointed out that he was trying to show that it's harder to fight against blasphemy in cultural nations than in ordinary ones, because the people have more imagination to put into swearing. He insisted that he was altogether anxious to crush the habit, but said it was necessary to face the facts.

# Why Heiress Ann Hewitt Treated Her Husband Like a Baby

**She Says: "I Was Deprived of Dolls and Motherhood and Wanted to Help and Guide Ronald, but I've Lost That Happiness Too."**

**He Says: "I Was a Garage Man and I Wanted a Simple Home and a Work-bench, but I Got Streamlined Luxury and Too Much Possession."**



Ann and Ronald Gay on the Day of Their Elopement, Certain They Had Found Complete Happiness.



The Moment Ronald Got Home, Tired Out from a Hard Day's Work at the Garage, and Finding a Good Rest, He Was Confronted by Ann, Who Had His Dress Clothes All Ready and a Lovely Social Evening All Arranged.



The Moment Ronald Got Home, Tired Out from a Hard Day's Work at the Garage, and Finding a Good Rest, He Was Confronted by Ann, Who Had His Dress Clothes All Ready and a Lovely Social Evening All Arranged.



Ann's Mother, Mrs. Maryon McCarter, By Whose Order the Operation Was Performed to Deprive Ann of Motherhood.



Ronald in the House. Clothes, He Preferred to Those Uncomfortable Dress Suits and Boiled Shirts.



Ann Cooper Hewitt, whose Maternal Instinct Led Her to Baby Her Husband—and Lose Him.

ANN COOPER HEWITT, three-million-dollar heiress, married Ronald Gay, a garage foreman, but in less than three months he left his golden bride in her sumptuous apartment on fashionable Nob Hill, San Francisco, and went home to his mother. Honey-moon brides sometime run home to mother to escape cruel husbands, but what could this poor, little, sterilized, rich girl who is 25 years old, have done to the handsome, husky mechanic to make him flee from her so soon?

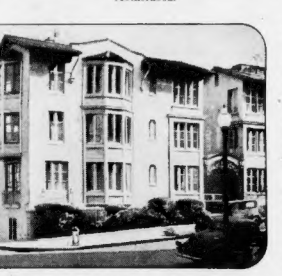
From what both Mr. and Mrs. Gay have said it looks as if Ann had unintentionally tried to mother her husband in the most exasperating manner, as if he were a baby or a doll. If so, it is not surprising that Mr. Gay couldn't take it very long, and fled from a woman who mothered him, wrong, back to one who mothered him right.

The heiress herself suggested a possible cause for such a craving to make a baby or doll of someone she loved. At the time she brought suit for \$500,000 damages against her own mother and a criminal action charging mayhem and conspiracy against her and two doctors who sterilized her while she was having her appendix removed, she complained:

"My mother wouldn't let me have dolls when I was a child and now that I am grown up she has tricked me into an operation which will prevent me from ever having any children."

Some women satisfy thwarted maternal instinct by adopting some other woman's child, others by becoming an important club woman or politician or crusader trying to mother the whole community to the extent of bossing it as the mother bosses her child. Old maids frequently appease it by mothering a lot of cats. Ann did not, neither that twice-suppressed desire by any of the well-known methods but there it certainly was, demanding satisfaction as her pathetic complaint clearly reveals.

When a fortune hunter fastens himself on an heiress nobody expects anything but trouble, but nobody can deny that this was a true love match on both sides and through true lovers can and often do, tire of each other in time it does not happen so soon unless there is a special reason. Gay told the truth when he said he didn't want any of his



The Fashionable Apartment House on Nob Hill, San Francisco, Where Ronald Wanted to Install a Work-bench.

wife's money. Otherwise he would not have held onto his job and walked out on all that wealth so soon and with only \$15 in the bank. Ann also married for love, because that is all Ronald had to give her.

After their elopement to Grant's Pass, Oregon, Ann said to reporters: "I am happy today for the first time in my whole life. I don't suppose you can understand what that means, to come suddenly upon joy, laughter, romance and tenderness."

"Ronnie and I are going to be ordinary people, the kind of people who live next door. People who never get their names in the paper. We are going to bury Ann Cooper Hewitt by pretending she never existed."

What did the last part of that peculiar statement mean? The snuff against the two doctors had just been dismissed for lack of sufficient evidence of criminal intent. The actions against her mother had not come up, but the state of the defendant's health was such that it would doubtless let her avoid trial.

as she sees it, no more her fault than the two others. She explained her point of view with the following comments:

"It was his choice, not mine," she said. "He moved out, not I. I'm hurt. I'm sick. But, also, I'm cold on the whole thing now—on him and on our marriage!"

"Everything was grand at first. I tried to be a perfect wife to him. Then he said he wanted to leave. And he did. I tried to talk sense to him—to ask him to understand my feelings and my wishes. But, when he remained determined, I packed his clothes and everything he had given me and sent them over to his mother's home after him. What he had given me wasn't very much."

She paused to take off Ronald's engagement ring and hand it to the reporter to deliver to Ronald. The ring had been his mother's.

"It's all over," she went on. "I want to get an annulment, or a divorce. I want to end this marriage. Then, if I find the right person, I may try again. I did all I could to make him happy. Look at this apartment where he lived with me. It's all right, isn't it? Or is it too pretentious?" I thought I'd help him adjust his life to mine.

"People live different sorts of lives. In our case, he wasn't used to my way of living; I wasn't used to his. It was a case of either lifting him up to my way, or being dragged down to his. I don't mean that unkindly—" she dropped for words. "—I mean that his training, his early life, were so different from mine. I wanted to help him. I even offered to send him to school!"

Interpreted in terms of the disguised mother-instinct, suppressed and frustrated for the third time, these comments might be restated somewhat as follows:

"I did everything I could for him. Look at this lovely nursery, or is it too good for him? I tried to be an ideal mother and when he threatened to run away I tried to explain to him that mother knows best. It was a case of mother teaching baby to live

or of me descending to baby's level. Of course, I couldn't do that, and if he won't let me lift him up and educate him, then I am disgusted with the whole idea. There is no fun in it for me. The whole idea is cold. But it wasn't my fault. I was ready to do anything for him, even to send him to kindergarten."

As an afterthought Ann added a remark which needs no interpretation, because probably it is a truth in which both her conscious and subconscious minds concurred. She said:

"Things might have been different, if I could have had a baby."

As eager, happy and loving Ann led her bridegroom into their honeymoon apartment which she had planned and paid for, with its indirect lighting, its white and green color scheme, its queer streamlined modernistic furniture with bars of shiny chrome metal, its gleaming bathrooms with white tiles, stained glass windows like a church and a bath mat so gorgeous he couldn't bear to put a wet foot on it and a closet just for his clothes but so spacious it reminded him of the stock room at the garage, he felt a cold premonition of the trouble that was so soon to come. It was beautiful, fearful, wonderful, horribly expensive, like a museum or the lobby of a theatre, but not one inch of it suggested to him a home.

"The victim of the mothering complex describes his experience as follows:

"It wasn't—well—it wasn't anything like home. It was all right, I guess, what Ann wanted and was used to, but I couldn't bring any of my own things and place them with those museum pieces which the interior decorator had stuck around so you couldn't add even a book or a box of matches without wrecking the whole effect. I couldn't get used to the place. There wasn't anywhere that a man could sit down comfortably, take off his coat, clean his pipe or even peel an orange, without feeling that he ought to be arrested."

"I couldn't even take a bath in that bathroom de luxe without top-boeing around so as not to get the mat dirty. And when I came home from the garage factory, I tell you it was hell moving around that swart apartment. Did you ever dream you were in church in your shirt tail? All right, then you get the idea."

"My notions of a home had always included a work-bench in the cellar, with a set of good tools to fix things in the house and to make things in

my spare time. Ann looked at me as if I had suggested living a monk's life, and she was right. Gentlemen who live in such swell apartments don't have work-benches. If they want as much as a tack driven, they telephone the superintendent, who sends the handy man, who brings the tack and the hammer and get at least four bits up for about that many taps of his hammer."

"Why, I was even afraid!" Mr. Gay said, "to go out to the ice-box when we came home to get a snack to eat! Imagine a kitchen where you feel as though you're doing something wrong by eating—and an ice-box that looks like a safe for the crown jewels!"

"Don't get me wrong—I'd been in a lot of fine houses before and met fine people. But I just couldn't take that steady diet of what she thought was luxury, but what wasn't luxury at all, but misery for me. And I think I'd rather have some of my own friends than some of hers. Why soak the rich? Their friends are more punishment than anyone deserves."

But, after all, Ronald did not see enough home life to be much trouble to him. When a little girl gets a lovely new doll or a mother gets a lovely new baby, there comes an irresistible craving to dress it up and take it around for everyone to admire. That was his fate also. The sweetest Mr. Gay got home, tired out from a hard day's work at the garage and yearning for a simple, hearty dinner, followed by a brief, quiet evening at home and a long night's sleep, he was confronted by his wife, who had slept till noon and was fresh as a daisy.

She would come at him with his hated top hat in one hand, his detested dress coat in the other and be informed that all the rest of the members of the evening dress were laid out for him. He must get his bath quickly and hurry into them because they were going to eat out and spend the rest of the night with some of her friends at a night club. Babies hate to be inspected and admired by Mama's friends and he didn't enjoy it either, but at least they did not pinch his cheeks and kiss him.

"It's hard to have any fun after working all day," he said, "when you go to a place where the waiter earns as much as you do, you sort of lose

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## Just Shadows of Their Pretty Selves

THE natives of many a primitive tribe are superstitious about their shadows, cast by the light of the sun, the moon and the bonfires they build for their nocturnal pagan ceremonies. Certain African tribes, egged on by their cagey witch-doctors, believe that a person's shadow is a sort of alter ego, or other self, as capable of suffering good and evil as their flesh-and-blood bodies.

Among the civilized races no such notions exist, but there is a sort of artistic fascination in shadows, as any-

one knows who ever has seen a youngster watch his silhouette thrown upon a wall or upon the sands of the seashore.

Theatrical producers, wise in the ways of showmanship, have made use of the universal interest in shadows for a long time and are working out some new dramatic tricks, as one of the photographs on this page strikingly shows. The three dancers, vaguely seen in this picture, are performing in the bright glare of a spotlight shot upon from such an angle that their graceful shadows are made black and long. Every one of their movements is re-

peated in shadow, and weirdly distorted. When these disciples of the dance do their turn the audience forgets all about them and finds excitement and entertainment in the eerie and shifting outlines of their figures.

The big picture, stretching across the top of the page, is an interesting example of the ancient and continuing universal interest in shadows. These young women are dancers, too, and checked the grace and rhythm of their actions as they rehearsed on the sands at Worthington, England.

They did this checking of their own movements by watching their shadows on the sand—except for the moment

the picture was snapped from a cliff. Then, with true femininity, they looked up to make sure their faces would get into the picture. All, that is, except the girl fourth from the

left who alone watches the sands, not out of shyness, but to show how the girls let their shadows guide them. Incidentally, they learned something about shadows which they later used in their stage act to make the offering more dramatic.

The shapely young women are known on the stage as the "right step-sisters." Whenever they can, they do their rehearsing in the open air, and on sunny days.

The three dancers in the photograph below got the idea for several of their most diverting numbers while watching their shadows on the beach. Back in the theatre they experimented with lights to get effects similar to those provided by the illumination of the sun.

A Shadow Dance in a London Theatre, Showing the Spectacular Effects That Can Be Achieved When Dancers, With the Help of Clever Lighting, Become Pretty Shadows of Themselves.



## Dual Personality As An Artist Sees It

FERDINAND GROSS, the German-born sculptor who has lived in Istanbul, Turkey, for many years, had a number of "intellectual" friends who talked glibly about such psychological subjects as fixations, complexes, neuroses and dual personality. He has always been skeptical about their fervid beliefs, and recently after an especially long and heated argument at his studio, he decided to carve a caricature of dual personality—the subject of the discourse.

With his tongue in his cheek he did the comical Lindenwood statuette shown to the left, and by means of it his friends were able to view a tangible version of the monstrosity they talked about. The faces of the queer figurine are similar, so that it's apparent they're faces of the same person—yet they are unlike and supposed to show different "states of consciousness."

This difference is shown in the face at the right as a foolish longing for something vague and perhaps non-existent, and in the other as a happy and vacant smile, a contentment with things as they are.

Friends, shown the mocking sculpture, admitted that it was an effective and clever parody, but also recognized it as an unusual and distinguished piece of workmanship. But they say that even though Gross was trying to make fun of them in the two-faced statuette, he got the very essence of the "dual personality" they talked about, and explained it much more graphically than their more or less technical words could.

The figurine recently was publicly shown in an exhibition of the artist's work.

## Indiana's Oddest Gravestone

OFFHAND, it might seem that the padgets of a blacksmith shop have no place in a cemetery, and that the resting place of a man who spent his days shoeing horses and bending rims on wagon wheels might best be marked with a simple monument of standard design.

But of all the grave markers in a cemetery at Brazil, Indiana, the one that most impresses visitors to the place is a stone replica of the anvil that a "muthy" used for many years before he died. Everyone who looks on the simple and dignified monument knows that beneath it lies a man whose trade is exemplified in the stone erected to his memory.

The sculptor who carved the odd memorial is said to have taken the exact measurements of the anvil used by the deceased and to have exercised great care in getting the reproduction accurate to the last detail.

The base on which the object rests was carefully meas-

ured to give proportion to the unusual gravestone.

Veteran "smithies" who have seen the memorial have praised the faithfulness of the sculpture and expressed a desire for similar stones for themselves.

They think it is the best kind of memorial, unpretentious and yet appropriately dignified. The stone anvil does not ring out its chorus in the evening, that no doubt is because the blacksmith's ghost rests contentedly after a lifetime of toil. He lies beneath a replica of the anvil over which he labored in his smithy—and what more could an honest man ask?



This Simple and Fitting Gravestone in Brazil, Indiana, Marks the Burial Place of a Man Who Spent His Life as a Blacksmith.

## A Club for Jailbirds

THE world is full of clubs of one sort or another, but of all such associations ever formed, one recently launched in Glasgow, Scotland, is probably unique. The rules are strict, but the organization is open to rich and poor, young and old, banker, clerk and day laborers.

What really is essential is something most persons lack—a prison record. In the past this has been something to admit with reluctance, if at all, but now it is to be given a distinction of its own, and a member's pride and importance will depend on how much of a term he served.

It isn't even enough to be a thief. One has to have been caught, and tried, and sentenced to prison without collusion, in order to be admitted.

But the main requirement, although it is more or less difficult to prove, is for the ex-jailbird to be de-

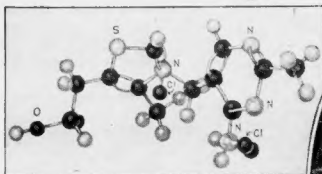
termined to go straight. There are no other restrictions; a member can be a poor man, rich man or beggarman, so long as he's a reformed lawbreaker.

The strange society was started by a young released convict from Barlinnie prison. He found it hard sledding when he got out, and when he finally did get ahead, he decided to help his former prison pals over the rough spot. He rounded up nine other charter members.

His club was a success from the start. Its members are kept out of crime's way by co-operation and hand-and-foot rules. And if everybody in it has a responsibility and it is made to feel important and useful.

# The "Fountain of Youth" No Dream After All!

Science Believes It Has Found at Last the Equivalent of Ponce de Leon's Dream of Arresting Old Age, With an Artificial Vitamin B-1 If It Is Injected Into the Spine Instead of Given to the Stomach as Food



Model of a Vitamin Molecule Consisting of (N) Nitrogen; (O) Oxygen; (S) Sulphur; (Cl) Chlorine; (Black) Carbon; and (White) Hydrogen Atoms.

PONCE DE LEON hunted seven years for the fountain of youth and failed. Science, after a forty-year search, has just found it; but the fountain is really a syringe with a steel needle which the doctor pokes into his aging patient's backbone and the "elixir of youth" he injects is Vitamin B-1.

Dr. Elias B. Stern of New York City, who made the announcement recently at the Pan-American Medical Congress in Havana, explained how it works.

For more than forty years science had known that the principal symptoms of old age sometimes come on not only prematurely but quite suddenly, as a disease, and sometimes could be as quickly cured. The cure might well be called the elixir of youth. After a while it became known as Vitamin B, also as the rich man's vitamin, not because the rich have an abundance of it but because their expensive foods haven't enough.

The mysterious, invisible spirit of youth whose flight permitted all sorts of weakness to attack the nervous system, including the most prominent symptoms of old age, was then found to be of two kinds, the second one becoming known as B-2, especially useful in curing pellagra.

Finally, only a few months ago, B-1, the youth vitamin, was made synthetically in quantity production, cheaply and in absolutely pure state. This made it possible to try the spinal cord experiment.

The spine is the strong piece of bone which supports the weight of everything above the human pelvis. Besides being the body's most important structural upright, sheltered in its hollow inside, hangs the system's most important nerve cable, the spinal cord, floating in the spinal fluid. The spinal injections will not make anyone live forever nor even convert a woman of sixty into the semblance of a schoolgirl. All they will do is give a man or woman back the years which often are stolen from them by premature senility caused by a nervous system starved of this vitamin.

The medical sleuth who first found the trail was Dr. Christian Eklund, physician at a prison on the Island of Java. He noticed that chickens, permitted to run in the prison yard, soon feathered around on what appeared to be aged legs. Examining them he found a nervous weakness similar to that of beriberi, a human ailment common in the Orient and, at that time, of unknown cause. Chickens kept in another part of the prison were normal and the doctor set himself to find out what was the difference. In the end he narrowed it down to the fact that the prematurely aged chickens lived largely on scraps of polished rice thrown away by the prisoners.

The next step was taken in another island prison, at Manila, ten years later. The American forces taking over the prison from the Spaniards decided to feed the criminals better, though they seemed to be healthy enough. Their chief article of food was rice, but the Spaniards, out of the cheap brown rice, gave the convicts the more expensive polished kind. The result of this kindness was that a large number began to show the old-age tremors of beriberi.

It Was a Polished White Rooster Starved of Vitamin B and Prematurely Aged, Though Later Rejuvenated, That Opened the Trail to the Discovery of Vitamin B-1 Effects.

lean experts traced it to the rice. Polished rice, it turned out, contained no Vitamin B-1. The brown rice, still carrying some of the hulls, did contain it. Rice hulls are the one natural source of this vitamin, from which for ages the Orientals had been getting supplies of the vitamin. Polishing the rice to make a supposedly better product removed the vitamin and made the trouble.

Working in the government laboratories at Manila at that time was a young chemist, Dr. R. R. Williams. His imagination stirred by the discovery of the physicians about rice hulls, he began a thirty-year dream of how to get this vitamin more easily. The first step was to extract the thing in pure form, and that took most of the years that Dr. Williams spent on the problem. As the years went by, Dr. Williams took other jobs, ultimately returned to the United States to become chemical director of the great Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York City, but never did he forget his promise to himself that one day he would make pure Vitamin B-1 cheap and available for everybody. In his spare time and with what help he could enlist from other scientists, he kept trying to get out of tons of rice hulls the substance of the pure vitamin which everybody knew had been there since the beginning.

Finally, in 1933, he was successful. From 1300 pounds of rice "polish," the dust obtained when the grains are polished to make them white, there was collected a tiny pinch of white crystals in a test tube, constituting the pure vitamin. But even that was not the goal because

at that stage the pure stuff was a rich man's vitamin in the sense that only a millionaire could have it squirted into his spine. To have supplies of vitamin, both pure and cheap, it was necessary to find out how to make it synthetically. More years of work followed, until only a few months ago the precise chemical structure of the vitamin was discovered and other and cheaper chemicals then were put together to make the vitamin synthetically. It was this synthetic vitamin that was used for the spinal injections reported by Dr. Stern in Havana, and which presumably has been henceforth by experimenters or physicians who have need of the material.

Meanwhile, many other discoveries were being made regarding the various vitamins and their tricks. As soon as it was known that lack of a certain vitamin in a person's food caused certain symptoms, medical science assumed that all such patients needed was a diet rich in the vitamin on which they were known to be starved. As a general rule this worked, but soon a disconcerting lot of exceptions appeared.

Two years ago Dr. P. Marin published in Italy an account of a mysterious case in which a patient persisted in getting scurvy in spite of taking all the time, by mouth, more than ample supplies of the Vitamin C which is supposed to prevent scurvy and does prevent or cure it in the majority of instances. The only theory which Dr. Marin could think of was that some kind of bacteria were living in his patient's digestive system and were appropriating the Vitamin C supplied

with the food, so that none of it actually reached the human patient for whom it was intended. Following out this theory, Dr. Marin administered antiseptics which it was believed would kill the bacteria. They evidently did so or something else happened, for the patient promptly began to absorb his Vitamin C and the scurvy was cured.

At about the same time in Scotland, Dr. W. Ritchie Russell found that he could not cure certain cases of nerve degeneration by ordinary doses of Vitamin B-1, the same vitamin used in the recent spinal injections described by Dr. Stern. He decided something was wrong with the stomachs of these individuals, so that the vitamin was not being absorbed. Too much alkali is supposed sometimes to have this effect and other stomach conditions perhaps work in the same way. Confronted by this, Dr. Russell tried injecting the vitamin hypodermically. Most of his patients promptly got well, just as did Dr. Stern's more recent ones under the direct spinal injection.

In America, Dr. B. B. Finkelstein, Dr. Joseph H. Howard and Dr. Marcus Paris, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, have succeeded in making expert mothers absorb more than the usual amounts of two other vitamins, Vitamin A and Vitamin D, by injecting a special

preparation of these vitamins into the muscles instead of letting them run the gauntlet of destruction in the stomach and the rest of the digestive system.

That heavy and steady drinking causes people to age rapidly has always been a matter of common observation. Also the chronic alcoholic often suffers nerve troubles, especially the painful inflammation of the nerves known as polyneuritis. This was supposed to be the direct result of the alcohol on the nerves, but recently it has been laid to deficiency of this same B-1 vitamin by Dr. Norman H. Jolliffe, psychiatrist, of New York City's municipal hospitals, who sees it as similar to alcoholism in its effects on the nerves. Steady toppers eat little food, subsist largely on their alcohol, which is a food of high caloric content but entirely lacking in vitamins. Dr. Jolliffe thinks the heavy tipplers simply do not eat enough food for them or anyone else to get the proper B-1 quota and he reports prompt and good results from dosing them with that vitamin, which is now also coming to be known as a person's system is abundantly supplied with B-1 he usually has a hearty appetite, which insures that he will continue to stock up with it unless his diet is very bad indeed. But, as soon as his body begins to run low on the appetite vitamin, instead of urging him to eat more in order to make good the deficiency, it orders him to eat less, which further increases the vitamin deficiency and further decreases his appetite. The vicious circle often goes on until the victim loses all desire for nourishment. Most people in this state realize that

Ponce de Leon Sought the Fountain of Youth for Seven Years, But Science Persisted for 40 Years and Now Believes It Has Practically Found It, Though Instead of the Magic Spring Imagined by Explorers and Painters It Turns Out to Be a Synthetic Vitamin Formula Inside a Hypodermic Needle.

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The Pilot Saved His Life by Jumping Out With a Parasite.

SOME of the funniest comedy in the world sometimes crops up in the naive blunders made by school children in their examination papers, and sometimes even by college students.

The lives of teachers are often brightened by the amusing answers that result when a student mistakes one word for another which sounds like it and turns out a gem of humor that would be worth money to a comedian's gag man. Sometimes the blunders occur when the student hasn't the slightest idea of what the word or question means and makes a brave effort to figure it out by thinking of some other word that sounds not unlike the one in question and taking a chance that both words have something in common.

H. Cecil Hunt, an English specialist in humor, has been collecting these "howlers," as they are called in Britain, from the examinations of English school children. Some time ago The American Weekly published a page of these funny mistakes. Now, in a new book, titled "Hand-Picked Howlers," Mr. Hunt has presented some more comic blunders, some of which are listed here:

An epistle is the wife of an apostle.  
Chivalry is the attitude of a man to a strange woman.  
What is the Soviet?  
The Soviet is what the middle classes call their napkin.  
Who held up the earth? Germany.  
Promiscuity is indiscriminate mixing or any carelessness of that kind.  
A certain man drew his bow at a venture but missed the venture and hit Ahab.  
Louis XVI was gelatined.  
Catharrh is a musical instrument, especially in Spain.  
If the Premier dies, who officiates? The undertaker.  
Abraham, the prophet, was chiefly noted for his bosom.

The opening of a play, written as an exercise: Act I, Scene 1. The Count and Countess are sitting in the lounge. Enter the butler, who bows very low and says: "Good morning, Countess, a son has been born to you."

The liver is an infernal organ.  
What are rabies and what would you do for them?  
Rabies are Jewish priests and I wouldn't do anything for them.  
Philosophy means being able to explain why you are happy even when you are poor.  
Letters in sloping type are in hysterics.  
Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.  
The population of London is a bit too thick.  
The Tropic of Cancer is a rare disease.  
An antidote is a funny story you have heard before.  
Doctors say that fatal diseases are the worst.



The Punishment for Bigamy Is Seven Years and Two Mothers-in-Law.

# MORE Funny Blunders of Schoolchildren

Amusing Errors That Crop Up in Examination Papers When the Student Mistakes One Word for Another or Attempts to Guess the Meaning of Something He Knows Nothing About



All Baba means being somewhere else when the crime was committed.

To be struck by lightning is an act of God in suspicious circumstances.

Livingstone was found missing for several years.

The dog leapt down the street emitting whistles at every bound.

Sarah was Abraham's half-wife or mid-wife, sometimes called Columbine.

The Ten Commandments were given to Moses but he passed them on very quickly.



Sinister means a woman who hasn't married.

In some countries the duties of a native chief are wonderful. He has twenty wives and may have more.

A detective is a man who searches out the mystery of things in his private clothes.

A sculptor is a man who makes faces and busts.

An etching is a ticklish feeling.

Correct the following: 1—A hen has three legs. 2—Who done it? One small boy evidently figured there was some connection between



A Deucalogue Is a Pot-Bellied Vessel for Holding Liquor.

The Darky's hour is just before the dawn. This is a famous African proverb.

A molecule is a girlish boy.

Our team fought pluckily but they were overpowered.

Noah was not doing things for earthly pay. He had a contract with heaven.

Where was Caesar born?  
Caesar was born in triumph to the Capitol.

Owing to the slackness of demand there was a great slut on the market.

The army advanced to the sound of martial music.

Parasite is what happens when your arm goes stiff.

The New Forest was made by Will II to keep his dear in, and if any men came after his dear and the king heard about it he had their eyes put out.

What is a rhetorical question? It is when a lot of questions are asked and there is no answer to it. For instance: "What has the Prime Minister been doing all these years?"

The Prodigal Son wasted his substance in riotous living.

St. Luke points out that the Kingdom of Heaven is not a classy place. (This student referred to The Book of Luke, Chapter 4:22, which says: "And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples and said, Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of god.")

A momentum is what you give a person when they are leaving.

When you cross a city street you must have all your fatalities about you.

Lloyd George saved his country like Joan of Arc saved France, but they haven't burned him yet.

A Fascist is a man who has beauty culture.

Marlborough was a very great general. He always entered every battle with the fixed determination to win or lose.

An interval in music is a period for refreshment.

Charles Darwin was the originator of the human species and he told everybody about it who would listen, but in his time there were some who wouldn't.

Belle is the feminine for gong.

Sotto voce means in a drunken voice.

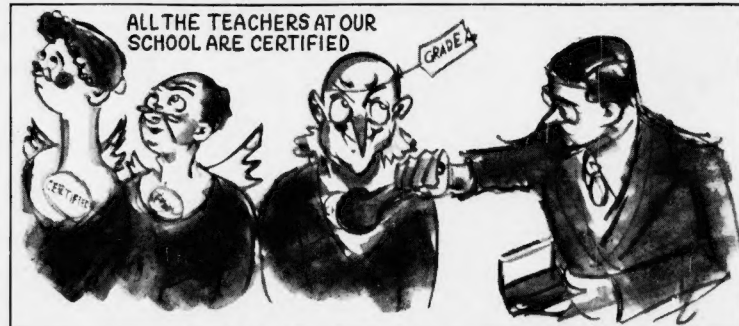
Boadicea was a brave woman who fought herself and drove a chariot.

The office of the gastric juice is in the stomach.

If a gentleman is out with his wife or sweetheart he should always walk on the curve.

In India a man in one cask cannot marry a woman in another cask.

In the South Sea Bubble thousands of people irretrievably burst.



because the stone was too heavy.

A passive verb is one in which the subject is the sufferer, such as, "He married her."

We heard a horn blow, and were struck in the back. Evidently a lady was trying to pass.

Marriage is an ancient institution but it has its advantages.

The Australians are very fond of the boomerang which carries its young in a bag outside its stomach.

A cypher is a bottle that squirts.

Mary Queen of Scots was playing golf when word was brought to her of the birth of her son and heir.

A symposium is something like a symphony only not as bad.

Write what you know of The Last Supper: I was away for that. I had the measles.

Contraalto is a low kind of music that is sung only by ladies.

The difference between a King and a Pres-

ident is that a King is the son of his father while the President isn't.

What does a bat do in the Winter? It spits if you don't let it.

Correct: "The toast was drank in silence." Answer: The toast was eat in silence.

Who was sorry when the prodigal son returned home? The fatted calf.

Challapen used to be a vulgar boatman but somebody heard his voice and said it would go a long way, so he came to England, which is a long way from Russia, and it did.

Jazz is the fashionable music today but soon, people say, we will return to composers.

Discretion is the difference in sex between animals.

A testotoler is a man who you never see drinking.

A focus is a thing that looks like a mushroom but if you eat it, it tastes different.

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the two questions for he declared: "The hen never done it, God done it."

Dialect is a language we speak just among friends.

The prevailing religion in England is Hy-pocrisy.

Nowadays it is not so unusual for a man to insult a girl's mother before he marries her.

The motto of Lloyd George is Liberty, Equality and Maternity.

Quartz is a number of pints.

Venus was the chief of love in ancient Greece. She was immortal, but the Romans called her something else.

King Henry the Eighth's next marriage was childless because the Lord put a blight on the omen.

They gave Wellington a glorious funeral. It took six men to carry the bier.

Three shots rang out. Two of the servants fell dead. The other went through his hat.

A comma is what a medium falls into.



Every Morning My Mother Waves Her Arms to Stretch Her Abominable Muscles.



# Hanging? Too Good for the Woman Monster of Moedling?

**Sentenced at First to the Gallows for Torturing Her Helpless Maid to Death by Beatings, Starvation and Other Cruelties, Frau Luner Is Now Condemned by Popular Demand to a Life Term to Prolong Her Punishment**

THE people of Vienna wanted to lynch Frau Josephine Luner when they first heard of the frightful way she had tortured her 15-year-old housemaid, Anna Augustin, and starved the girl to death. A threatening mob surged around the court house during the trial, but everyone was appeased when the "masterful monster of Moedling" was sentenced to the gallows—although Austria has a proud record of never having executed a woman.

A chivalrous people, the Austrians have an instinctive horror of putting a woman to death—but they shouted approval when they heard Frau Luner was going to be hanged.

And now, after thinking it over, they are equally pleased that her sentence has been commuted to life imprisonment, by popular demand. After all, they say, why should Austria beamish its record just to execute this fiendish woman, when hanging is too good for her? Why end her suffering with one quick snap of the hangman's knot? Better to let her languish for the rest of her days in her narrow cell, tortured by the memories of the way she tortured poor little Anna.

Frau Luner is not insane. The best psychiatrists in Vienna have agreed on that. Wife of a well-to-do piano manufacturer, with a country home in the fashionable suburb of Moedling, she is simply one of those strange, twisted personalities whose chief pleasure in life is torturing people and gloating over their suffering.

For weeks, she kept her little housemaid locked in a windowless closet next to the kitchen, giving her nothing to eat but potato peelings and milk that had so much salt in it that the wretched, starving girl could only force a few swallows. But one day it looked as if Anna's suffering was over—it looked as if her mistress had finally relented and was going to make up for all that misery, in a handsome way.

The door of the dark closet was flung open, and there in the bright light of the kitchen stood Frau Luner, holding a large tray of tempting food and smiling down at the gaunt face of the emaciated housemaid, who lay on a bed of ragged quilts.

"Come now," said Frau Luner, with the tone she had once used with a patient when she was a dentist's assistant, "try to raise up your head and see what I have on this tray."

Anna was so weak she could only raise her head a few inches. But she saw what was on the tray—and the sight made her open her large, feverish eyes even wider and wet her parched lips with her swollen tongue, which she had bitten time after time when the gnawing pangs of hunger seemed more than she could bear.

Frau Luner held the tray close to the girl's quivering nostrils.

"See," she said, in a soft, purring voice. "This is a nice, rich chicken soup—just the thing for an invalid. And wienerschnitzel—there's nothing as good as a day like this as a breaded veal cutlet, crisp and brown and done to a turn. It seems to me that I remember you are very fond of it. And apple strudel, your favorite dessert. Here is also a bottle of fine old Italian wine, in case you need something to stimulate your appetite. How does all of this appeal to you?"

"It smells wonderful," replied Anna, in a voice so weak she seemed to be whispering in her sleep, in a dream that was too good to be true. "It smells simply wonderful."

"Then smell it!" snapped Frau Luner as she snatched back the tray, just as Anna reached out a trembling hand. "Smell it! Because that's all you're going to do."

Anna's head sank back on her grimy pillow and she clutched at the ragged quilts with hands that, were so thin and shriveled they looked like claws—while Frau Luner placed a tray on a table and shouted over her shoulder:

"Gretel! I'm ready for you to do your part now. You come in, too, Eduard, because I want you to see it. And bring in that tall glass of milk and that large plate of potato peelings."

VIENNA, Feb. 11.



Gretel, Frau Luner's Plump Daughter, Who Was Forced to Stuff Herself With Food While the Hungry Maid Begged Pitiably for It.



Josephine Luner Received Her Death Sentence in the Vienna Court. At the Right Side Her Husband. Now Her Sentence Has Been Commuted to a Life Term So That She May Suffer More.

Eduard was Frau Luner's cowardly husband and Gretel was her timid daughter—both so browbeaten by this vicious woman they were terrified by their own shadows. So they did what she told them to do.

"Gretel," she ordered, like a stage director, "you sit at the foot of the bed and pull up that table with the tray on it. Remember now, I want you to eat every bite of food on that tray, and see that you enjoy it. And Eduard, you stand at the head with the milk and the peeling, so Anna can get at them when she begins to feel like eating. She will in a moment, never fear. I can see right now her appetite is already returning."

"You don't like what I've been giving you to eat. You turn up your nose at it. You don't think salted milk and raw peelings are good enough for you. Very well, we'll just see about that. I think this lesson will convince you. I'm not going to let you lie here, day after day, and starve yourself to death, just because you don't like what I give you. When I get through with you, you'll be glad to eat anything I put before you—fine shavings and sawdust, if I say so. Come on, Gretel, begin!"

Gretel picked up a spoon and in her shaking hand it rattled against the soup bowl. At the sound, poor little Anna closed her eyes as lightly as she could and murmured:

"Here, here!" rasped Frau Luner. "Don't think you can cheat me like that. I know a way to make you open your eyes. It's the wickedness in you

that makes you keep them shut and I'll just have to let the wickedness out of you again with that little red hot wire, like I did the time you stole the cherries, and lied about it. Is that what you want me to do?"

"No, Gnädige Frau, for God's sake, no!" Anna cried, the memory of that agony distorting her white face, as she gently ran the tips of trembling fingers over her bare arm, still inflamed and swollen where the red hot wire had been burned deep into it.

"Then keep your eyes open and watch Gretel enjoy a good meal!" But it was hardly correct to say that Gretel enjoyed the meal. She ate it, with her mother standing over her, but she looked as if each swallow would choke her. Still, she smiled—a sickly, frightened smile—as she sipped the wine Frau Luner attentively poured out for her.

Biting her lips to keep from screaming, Anna watched her finish the soup and start on the veal cutlet, the crisp brown veal cutlet, with lentils and juicy red beets. Without making a sound, Anna clenched her thin, small hands and watched Gretel eat everything on the plate, finally sticking a piece of bread on the fork, at Frau Luner's direction, and sipping up the gravy that was left.

Then all at once Anna gasped and snatched a handful of potato peelings from the platter Herr Luner was holding, so conveniently, and crammed them into her mouth, as if they were a gag that might stop that almost uncontrollable impulse to scream.

Then all at once Anna gasped and snatched a handful of potato peelings from the platter Herr Luner was holding, so conveniently, and crammed them into her mouth, as if they were a gag that might stop that almost uncontrollable impulse to scream.

Scarcely chewing them at all, she gulped them down and clutched the glass of bitter milk, drinking every drop of it, even though it was almost as salty as sea water. Then she let her head drop back on the quilts and became delirious, writhing and moaning and straining to talk.

At the trial it was brought out that several previous housemaids had been disgracefully mistreated but had managed to escape. Then the father and daughter watched this cruel woman start the same thing all over again with Anna Augustin, a peasant girl who had just come from her parents' farm.

Anna's weak spot was her piety. So no matter what the girl did, Frau Luner would twist it around and try to make something sinful out of it. Anna admired Gretel's pretty dresses, so her mistress told her she was covetous. Anna smiled at the delivery boys and chatted with them, so Frau Luner told her she was wicked and for three days would not let her have any food. "To test her character," a basket of counted cherries was left in her room and when the ravenously hungry child could not resist the temptation to eat fourteen of them, she was accused of being a thief. Terrified, she denied that she had eaten them—so that made her a liar, as well.

"There's only one thing to do," said Frau Luner, piously shaking her head, as she wet her thick lips and rolled up her sleeves. "And that's let the wickedness out of you with a little piece of red hot wire."

And she chuckled with savage delight over Anna's agonized screams as Anna's tongue was branded with a red hot poker, so she would "understand the punishment she would receive for

Frau Luner Would Bring in a Tray Laden With Rich Food, Desserts and Wine and Torture the Famished Anna by Letting Her Inhale the Savory Odors as Gretel, the Monster's Daughter, Would Stuff Herself to the Accompaniment of Her Mother's Cruel Laughter.

story at face value. Not until later did they begin to wonder why there was no key in the lock or anywhere in the room.

"She looks starved," they said, but Herr Luner quickly pointed out that such a thing could not be true because there was the tray by the bed, showing she had recently eaten a good meal, and the money in the pocketbook, which she could have spent on the extra food anytime she wanted it. As for the scabs and infected sores on her body, he said they were caused by a skin disease.

This explanation, however, did not satisfy the coroner. He could see that the girl had been unmercifully beaten and that her tongue had been burned.

"If she has been sick," he asked, "why didn't you call a doctor?" "Why," stammered Herr Luner, "my wife doesn't trust doctors—she's been treating the girl with home remedies."

"I see," nodded the doctor. "And where is your wife now?" "She's away on a visit—I don't know just where."

The coroner said nothing more, but when the autopsy revealed that the girl had eaten almost nothing for several weeks and that instead of a hearty meal in her stomach there was nothing there except a few undigested potato peelings, he told the police that in his opinion it was a case of murder. Herr Luner was warned, and soon afterwards when he made a long-distance telephone call to his wife, the police were listening in on a tapped wire. From his agitation as he told what he had said and from her angry reply, there was no longer any doubt about her guilt.

"You stupid idiot!" she screamed over the wire. "You did everything wrong."

"But I only said what you told me to," he whined.

"Yes—but can't you think for yourself in an emergency? What are you anyway—a parrot?"

So they arrested the masterful monster of Moedling and as soon as they had her locked up, Herr Luner and Gretel broke down and told everything, with a great sense of relief at having the girl's name taken off their minds at last. Herr Luner was sent to prison for six years and Gretel was made a ward of the juvenile court.

And all the time Frau Luner was on trial the court house was guarded by a special detail of police, to hold back the thousands of people who would come to see her.

"Lynch her! Let us have her and we will make her suffer the same way she made poor little Anna suffer."

# Broke His Neck Every Day for a Lawless Living

**Racketeer Rush Poses for The American Weekly to Show How He Breaks Himself All to Bits and Collected a Fortune in Insurance Claims but Went to Prison Penniless**

The Insurance Racketeer Accommodatingly Dislocating His Lower Jaw for the Camera.

WITH wheels screeching and bell clanging, a street car stopped all of a sudden in a traffic jam some years ago, and while there was nothing peculiar about that, it started Mr. Frank Rush upon the most peculiar way of making a living anybody ever heard of. It started him making his living by breaking his neck and dislocating other bones in his body—and on this page today is a striking series of photographs, posed exclusively for The American Weekly, in which Mr. Rush obligingly demonstrates his remarkable ability and shows how he tricked insurance companies out of \$30,000 a year.

For some time Mr. Rush had been in the frame of mind to make somebody support him, preferably insurance companies, against whom he had been nursing an old grievance that may or may not have been imaginary. And he already had this unique facility which could be converted into ready money with scarcely any effort on his part, as often as he felt like using it. But he hadn't realized its cash value until that street car stopped all of a sudden, pitching him forward in the aisle, whirling him around as he fell and snapping his neck out of joint.

That was nineteen years ago, and ever since that happy accident—happy for him, not the insurance companies—Mr. Rush has been breaking his neck every day. Right now he is in the Maryland Penitentiary, having been sent there when an alert claim adjuster recognized him by a tattooed figure on his arm—so, of course, he can't very well break his neck for profit any more, not for some time, at any rate. But he still does it just for practice, for, like any great artist, he knows that the only way to retain his skill is by practicing every day.

And, like any great artist, he is continually striving for perfection and searching for new ways of doing things. Just as some actors go out into the sun to study types when they are going to play some character part, so Mr. Rush went to a hospital early in his career and got himself a job as an orderly, in order to learn all he could about bruises, fractures, paralysis and concussion of the brain.

In that way he learned how to imitate almost any bodily injury so well that it always fooled the doctors. With an ordinary sewing needle he can work a horseshoe under the skin of his arm or leg, and when an X-ray photograph is taken the horseshoe makes a dark line that looks exactly like a fracture.

With a hypodermic needle he injects a few drops of evaporated milk under the skin and in a few minutes this causes a swelling similar to that around a fracture or dislocation.

With mace or lipstick he gives the effect of bruises, making them all the more realistic by rubbing in a little cigarette ashes. When he thinks he needs a few scales to be convincing he builds these up with mace, lipstick and glue. By rolling his eyeballs back and putting himself through a process of self-hypnosis he can make himself unconscious, so that he seems to be suffering from paralysis or concussion of the brain.

But at the time when he toppled over on the street car floor he was not

pretending. His face was distorted with real pain, which alarmed everyone and caused him to be sent to a hospital right away. X-ray photographs were made of his neck, which was hurting him like the mischief, and then his head was strapped up in a harness contrived out of leather thongs and strips of steel.

A little later, when the nurse left him alone, he began to fidget with the harness, wondering if he was going to wear the cumbersome contraption all the rest of his life. Then a curious thing happened. Just as he gave his head a cautious, experimental twist there was a fairly loud "crack."

Mr. Rush was considerably surprised, but after thinking it over, he realized what had happened. The vertebrae, or small bones in his neck, hadn't been permanently broken apart as the doctors feared, and the X-ray pictures indicated, but had just been dislocated, and by twisting his head around like that he had inadvertently snapped them back into place without any help from anybody.

That old neck of his was as good as it ever was—in fact, it was better. Instead of just being something to hold up his head and put a collar around his neck now his fortune again whenever he wanted to, in the same way he could do with his fingers. When he was a boy he had been sent to a reform school in San Francisco and while he was there another boy, who didn't get any more pleasure than he did out of work, had taught him how to dislocate his fingers, so nobody could make him work. He was still thinking of that smart trick when a claim adjuster from an insurance company dropped around to the hospital room for a solicitous little visit.

Throwing His Shoulder Out of Joint Is No Trick At All for Him.



Any Time He Likes Rush Can Become Actually Unconscious by Rolling His Eyeballs Back in His Head—To Simulate Paralysis.



The Versatile Mr. Rush as He Looks When Not Having an Accident.

As soon as Mr. Rush heard that this amiable caller represented an insurance company, in fact, he hated them. Years before, so he says, his mother, who was an actress, had been knocked down by some falling scenery. At the time she did not think she was badly injured, so when an insurance adjuster offered her a small cash settlement she accepted it and signed a release. Later, on serious complications developed, and when it was evident that nothing could save her life except expensive hospital treatment Mr. Rush went to the insurance company and tried to get some more money. But he was told that there was nothing the company could do about it—and his mother died. At any rate, that is Mr. Rush's story.

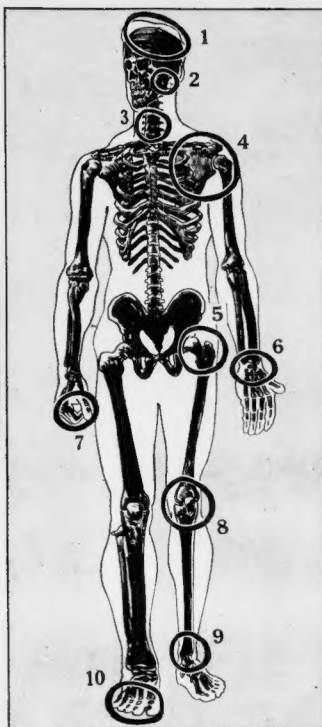


Diagram Showing Where Rush Can Dislocate His Bones.

(1) Self-Hypnosis to Simulate Concussion; (2) The Lower Jaw; (3) Neck Vertebrae; (4) Shoulder; (5) Hip-Socket; (6) Wrist; (7) Knuckles; (8) Knee; (9) Ankle; (10) Toes—He Can Dislocate Any or All at Once.



It's a Bit Ungraceful, but the Veteran Racketeer Can Pretend to Be a Hopeless Cripple by Throwing His Hip Bones Out of Socket.

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he and he says that he promised himself then and there that if ever he got a chance to nick an insurance company he was going to do it with a vengeance. So while there was nothing much wrong with his neck and he knew it, he groaned so dolefully the adjuster hurriedly pulled out a wallet and began fumbling with \$100 bills, which are supposed to have a magic effect on practically anybody, sick or well.

And they did have a magic effect on Mr. Rush. They made him recover in no time flat. In fact, after accepting five of them and signing a piece of paper that relieved the insurance company and the street car company of any further liability, he just waited until it was dark. Then he got up, took off the harness, put on his clothes, climbed down the fire-escape, went to his boarding house, packed his belongings and took the next train leaving that town.

As soon as he had his routine perfected he went right out and pulled another street car "flop" and it worked like a charm. After that he moved as rapidly as he could from place to place, breaking his neck in practically every large city in the country. For a while

he concentrated on street cars, buses and taxicabs, but later on he discovered he could work it just as well by tripping over a rug in a hotel lobby or falling down an escalator in a department store.

After putting himself through a rigorous course of training he learned to dislocate his jaw, shoulders, hips, wrists, knees and toes. With additional practice he finally became so adept he can now throw all those joints out of place at the same time. When he does that he is certainly a terrifying spectacle and looks as if he must have passed through a cement mixer.

The most dangerous thing of all is dislocating the neck, he says, and he prefers to do that lying down, for then it is not so risky. If he throws his neck out while standing up he has to hang on to his hair with one hand; otherwise his head would flop backward, striking his spinal column between the shoulder blades, and that could certainly kill him.

In fact, he almost killed himself that way while posing for the remarkable pictures on this page. With his neck out of joint, he had just turned for a full face view, showing the expression

of pain, which is real and not faked. At that moment his grip on his hair slipped. For one agonized second his head wobbled, and then he made a frantic clutch and caught hold of his hair again—just as the camera clicked, recording the look of genuine terror on his face. That experience was so unnerving to him he had to lie down before he could snap his neck back into joint.

By this time, of course, doctors all over the country have heard of Mr. Rush, since he has been in so many different hospitals and clinics, and a recent issue of the American Journal of Surgery had this to say about his strange facility:

"An extensive search of medical literature has revealed no similar case. His genius lies in the fact that he can make himself suffer any time he wishes from anterior rotatory subluxation of the right atlanto-axial joint."

After regular air routes were established he started using transport planes to get away from a city where he had just worked his fraud. In this way he could get a long way off before his deception was discovered, thus reducing the risk of getting caught and at the same time work his evilness more often. But, like so many other people who make money easily and dishonestly, he never saved any of it, throwing it all away on high living as fast as he got it. So when he was sentenced to prison not long ago in Baltimore he was practically penniless.

Under several different aliases, Mr. Rush had already served short terms in other jails and prisons, but not until his arrest in Baltimore was he identified as the man who is said to have extorted insurance companies out of close on to half a million dollars.

Oddly enough, the track he was trying to pull in Baltimore was his most simple one. He had taken a flop in a street car, dislocating his wrist, and a claim adjuster was just about to settle for \$85. But the adjuster wanted to make a more thorough examination of the injured wrist and arm. So he asked Mr. Rush to roll up his sleeve.

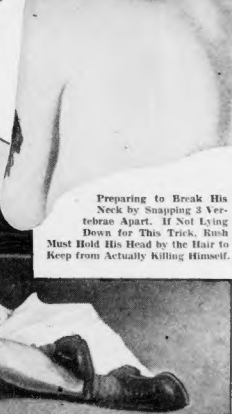
Mr. Rush hesitated just a second, but that was enough to arouse suspicion. Figuring something was wrong, the adjuster recalled a similar case some years before in which the victim had a tattooed figure on his arm. So the adjuster shoved up the sleeve and there was the tell-tale tattooing.

The extensive search of territory covered by Mr. Rush during his long criminal career is shown by the fact that the week after his arrest the district attorney was in nineteen different cities had filed detainers with the Maryland authorities asking that he be turned over to them for trial when he completes his five-year prison term. And there will probably be more of these urgent requests—as who does get out of his neck so easily is going to be over who gets the first "crack" at him.

And This Was a Real Accident: His Head Slipped, and Only a Quick Grip Saved Rush from Death. After the Picture Was Taken He Had to Lie Down to Straighten Himself Out.



Preparing to Break His Neck by Snapping 3 Vertebrae Apart, If Not Lying Down for This Trick, Rush Must Hold His Head by the Hair to Keep from Actually Killing Himself.



Preparing to Break His Neck by Snapping 3 Vertebrae Apart, If Not Lying Down for This Trick, Rush Must Hold His Head by the Hair to Keep from Actually Killing Himself.

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In fact, he almost killed himself that way while posing for the remarkable pictures on this page. With his neck out of joint, he had just turned for a full face view, showing the expression



# The Ten Rules That Make a Polite Dog

Interesting New "Obedience Training" in Etiquette Which Will Qualify Your Pet (Whether Aristocrat or Mutt) for Correct Canine Society and Give It the Equivalent of a College Degree



Here is the Class—a Study in the Expressions of Pupils Listening to a Lecture at the Bedford Hills Obedience Club. Note the Puzzled Face of Little No. 6, While No. 3 Finds More Interest in the Photographer.



Under the Rules Which All Polite Dogs Must Follow This Is the Way a Well-Trained Dog Should Sit When His Mistress Stops Walking.



Well-Behaved Dogs Should Know Their Place in the Dining Room—and That Is the Corner and Not Near the Table or Facing the Mistress or Begging for Food. When the Mistress Has Finished Her Meal the Dogs May Be Given a Few Choice Leftovers.



The Correct Way to Deliver a Newspaper or Package to the Mistress—the Dog Should Never Playfully Snatch It Back.

**N**OWADAYS, a lucky pup with a pedigree can go to a canine college, get a diploma and then have imposing letters written after its name, much the same as a human being with a university degree.

But, while this particular privilege is restricted to aristocratic dogs, whose names have been registered by the American Kennel Club, it is also possible for any "poor" of the people to "get a load" of culture which will fit it for doggy society, even though it isn't entitled to a sheepskin.

All it need do is learn to live up to a new set of rules recently worked out by expert trainers. Its position in dogdom will then be somewhat similar to that of a self-made man who pays attention to the regulations in the Book of Etiquette, trains himself not to make any disheveling "faux pas" in public and learns how to look at ease in a dress suit, thus managing to get around quite a bit in good company, even though he is only a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks and doesn't have his name in the Social Register.

The Kennel Club confers three different degrees. The first, or academic degree, which is equivalent to a Bachelor of Arts, gives a purebred the right to have added to its name the letters C. D., which stand for "Companionate Dog."

After receiving this distinction, along with a diploma, it can then take a post graduate course and, if it passes a strict examination, be entitled to a sort of Master of Arts degree, which is called "Companionate Dog Excellent," or C. D. X. And for exceptionally studious purebreds, with a pronounced flair for the higher flights of scholarship, there is a sort of Ph. D. which is called "Utility Dog," or U. D.

The canine college, which prepares

registered pups for the Kennel Club tests, is known as the Obedience Club. Founded by Mrs. Whitehead Walker, of Bedford Hills, N. Y., it is up-to-date in every respect—so, of course, it's a co-educational institution. At present its student body is composed of 250 undergraduates of forty different breeds—all hard at work boning for examinations and attending to their homework.

There are, however, about 15,000,000 dogs in this country—and only about ten per cent of them are pedigreed aristocrats. So now that the popular trend on every hand is an awakening sense of "social consciousness," it has been suggested that perhaps the next step in the right direction should be some sort of correspondence school which would offer the advantages of a college education to all those underprivileged mutts that cannot pass the entrance requirements to canine halls of learning.

No doubt it was with some such hope in mind that this list of new rules was drawn up by an earnest little group of expert trainers, who say that any smart cur, regardless of its doubtful antecedents, who can learn to live up to them is a polite pet and entitled to be admitted to the most doggy society.

The rules are as follows:

1. Dogs should always walk to the left of their masters, "heeling" or fol-

lowing so closely that the leash is slack.

2. When the master stops on the street to look at a window display or greet a friend the dog should sit on its haunches with a look of polite interest. It should not lie down, which is a sign of indifference or churlishness, nor should it show its impatience by tugging at the leash. No matter what the provocation, it should show no interest whatever in a passing cat. Furthermore, this is not the time to inspect a tree, fire hydrant or lamp post.

3. When two dogs on leashes pass each other on the street, even though they have been previously introduced, they must not greet each other too familiarly, but are merely entitled to utter one dignified bark of "hello."

4. When on a public thoroughfare a dog is on display and should walk with dignity at all times. It should not pull away from its master when the latter turns a corner but should anticipate the turn, if possible, or at least act as promptly as if it did. Such friskiness as taking the leash in its mouth and giving other evidence of its desire to play should be shown only on country roads, in the fields or in the privacy of its own home.

5. When a dog wishes to leave the house for exercise, play or any other essential reason, it should call the matter to its master's attention by bring-

ing its leash or harness to its master's feet—not by whining.

6. A dog may sleep at the foot of the bed, in the kitchen, the hall, the basement or wherever else its master chooses. But it should learn not to go wandering around the house at night, even when suffering from insomnia or somnambulism, for some member of the household who also suffers from insomnia, somnambulism or perhaps excessive thirst, might trip over it in the dark.

7. A polite dog will not snarl when being petted by strangers. However, it may show its distaste for this unwelcome attention by turning its head or walking away—but always with quiet dignity.

8. A properly brought-up dog is permitted to fetch slippers, newspapers and such articles to its master. These should be deposited gently in the master's hand. The dog should not try to snatch them back or tug at them, or go frisking about with the articles in its mouth, during the master to chase it.

9. It is quite all right for a dog to be allowed in the dining room while the master is eating. However, it should remain quietly in a corner, out of the way, either sitting or lying down. It should never beg for its food or receive its meal in the dining room. After the master has eaten, however, it may be given a few choice leftovers.

10. When visiting someone else's home, if the host permits it to enter, a dog should not go on all exploring trip but should remain near its master. It is upon any furniture unless invited to do so.

The proper way for a dog to sit while its owner pauses for a few moments during a stroll is shown in the photograph on the left. On the right, a well-trained dog is demonstrating the right way to fetch an article by delivering a copy of "The American Weekly" to its owner, and below this same dog is showing how it curls up each night on a mat at the foot of the owner's bed—and stays there. In the center of the page, four dogs with good table manners are patiently waiting in a corner of the dining room until their owner finishes eating.

And they aren't staring at the food on her plate, either.

The photograph across the top of the page is a group picture of one of the Obedience Club's classes, listening to a lecture. And on the lower left is reproduced one of the Kennel Club's diplomas.

In order for registered dogs to receive their degrees they must be well

versed in the ten rules of doggy decorum, of course. But in addition, they must be prepared to pass examinations which cover various other subjects. The Kennel Club's test for the C. D. degree, for instance, is as follows:

1. Heeling on the leash, twenty points.  
2. Heeling without the leash, twenty-five points.  
3. Coming to the handler when called, twenty points.  
4. Sitting for a period of one minute away from the handler, fifteen points.  
5. Lying down for a period of three minutes away from the handler, twenty points.

The C. D. X. and U. D. tests are more difficult and include such things as retrieving a dumb-bell and jumping over an obstacle with it, "speaking" or barking on command and exercising scent discrimination.

Seventy of these Kennel Club tests have been held in various parts of the country during the past year and dog owners have been enthusiastic to discover that it was brain and not brawn that counted most. Often a pet weighing only a few pounds competed on equal terms with one weighing almost 200. Incidentally, at some of the bench shows where these tests were held, spectators were more interested in watching them than in seeing the champions being judged in the nearby arena.

Owners of purebreds were especially pleased that their pets went through the difficult tests with flying colors, since it has so often been said that mutts as a rule are smarter than pedigreed dogs. In fact, this has been said so many times that owners of registered dogs have sometimes felt it was their duty to defend their pets against charges of stupidity.

The most recent "commencement exercises" of the Obedience Club were quite reassuring, however, for, on that occasion forty-eight different breeds participated, twenty-three dogs receiving C. D. degrees, seven C. D. X. degrees and two the crowning honor of U. D. degrees.



All Good Dogs Who Live in the House Are Content to Sleep on a Pillow at the Foot of the Owner's Bed.

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|              |   |         |   |
|--------------|---|---------|---|
| ENGINE       | ✓ | WHEELS  | ✓ |
| CLUTCH       | ✓ | BATTERY | ✓ |
| TRANSMISSION | ✓ | BODY    | ✓ |
| STEERING     | ✓ | GLASS   | ✓ |
| BRAKES       | ✓ | SENDER  | ✓ |
| FRONT        | ✓ | WAX     | ✓ |
| REAR         | ✓ | SPRINGS | ✓ |
| LIGHTS       | ✓ | EXHAUST | ✓ |
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# "Empires of the Moon"

Conspiracies Which Almost  
Changed the Course of  
History, but Which Failed  
Because of Some  
Tremendous Trifle  
Dramatized From Old Records  
by H. Bedford-Jones



Abraham Lincoln, from a Photograph Taken About the Time He Was Offered the Throne of Mexico by Dr. Beckley and the Knights of the Golden Circle.

"A TRIFLE makes a dream—a trifle breaks," sang the English poet, Alfred Tennyson. And buried away in all but forgotten archives are dusty records which deal with conspiracies that might have changed the history of the world—dreams of Empires of Earth that were broken by some trifle and became only "Empires of the Moon"—moonshine.

The American Weekly presents on this page today the eighth of a series dealing with such conspiracies. They have been painstakingly and vividly dramatized from old records, documents and letters by the brilliant American novelist, H. Bedford-Jones. They are historical fact in fiction form presented as a some gifted onlooker of the time might have written them.

## No. 8—Knights of the Golden Circle.

"WHY don't you collect stamps or autographs, instead of conspiracies?" I demanded. "Then you'd have something tangible to show for it."

Parton shook with laughter. He weighed close to three hundred, and wore black-rimmed spectacles, and when he laughed he fairly laughed all over. He spent his time and money collecting conspiracies; it was his hobby.

"But I have something tangible to show for it," he said wheedlingly.

"Empires of the moon!" I retorted. "Plots that failed. Intrigues that might have changed history and didn't. What's tangible about all that?"

"He hunched solemnly at me, then fell to laughing again. His good humor was proof against my attack.

"For example—this." He showed a crumpled, twisted scrap of paper across the desk at me.

It was the torn upper half of an old letter-head, quite dirty and amused as though a man had folded and twisted it between his fingers. Indeed, it bore a very distinct thumb-print in faded ink. Across the top was printed, in old-fashioned type:

PAUL D'EVEREAUX BONIFACE  
Lawyer, Legal Affairs Promotions  
of Front Street, St. Louis

The printed date was "St. Louis Mo. 1836." It had been filled in with a figure six in ink 1836. No month or day. No writing underneath.

"Well?" I asked, frowning in perplexity. "What's tangible about this?"

"Everything," Parton removed his spectacles and polished them with a silk handkerchief as enormous as himself. "If you could picture a man sitting in Boniface's office, abstractedly fingering that paper, twisting it leaving his thumb-print on it, flogging it aside and an empire with it—then, by the eternal, you'd realize why I collect conspiracies!"

His earnestness impressed me. "Was this Boniface so interesting a man?"

"I'm not talking about Boniface," he snapped at me. Relaxing, he began to chuckle. "But why not? The story does begin and end with him. Don't you know that probably the greatest conspiracy in American history took place in 1836?"

"No," I said. "Lincoln was forming the

Republican Party in Illinois, that year. Maybe that's the conspiracy you mean."

He shook with laughter again. "No; but Lincoln comes into this story. Why, man, it was a dream of empire, a perfect organization! Every plan was laid to seize Mexico and an army was formed to do it. The plot was an exact precursor of what Napoleon III did a few years later when he established Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. But in this case, an obscure United States Government agent, the first G-Man, blew the whole crowd into prison."

"Still harping on your Empires of the Moon, eh?" I said.

Parton settled down to business. That man could be the greatest salesman on earth, his hypnotic power, his impressive, positive manner, his talking ability, are marvelous.

"Look here, suppose you get the picture! The office of Boniface was close to the Planters' Hotel, where he occupied a suite with his daughter Adele. Around was the running levee and river-front where all the commerce of the western states centered, steamboats and packets whooping things up day and night. Room times were in full blast.

Frontiersmen, swaggering river pilots, elegant gamblers, romantic planters with their fine ladies—what glamour St. Louis had in those days!" Parton wagged his head regretfully. "St. Louis was the hub of the universe, filled each morning with new faces, new beaming promotions. No wonder Adele Boniface was the toast of the town! But look first at her father. I want to make you see the man in his office.

A DRY, sharp man, thin Boniface, features pinched but vigorous, whose glinting blue eyes with corner-drooping lids hinted at shrewdness. Firm lips, a craggy enigmatic manner that radiated assurance. One sensed authority in him, as he looked at young Forbes.

"I asked you to come here this morning for a definite purpose, Mr. Forbes," he said bluntly. "For the past month, you've been friendly with me—or with my daughter."

"Oh," said Forbes. "I suppose you want to know more about me?"

"I know plenty about you," rapped out Boniface. "You came here six months ago from New Orleans; you're of good family, you're a cotton broker and doing well at it. You spend much of your time consorting with rivermen, gamblers and other dregs of society."

Forbes nodded coolly. He was not hand-

some, but very square in the face, bulldog jaw, uncompromising, harsh eyes. When he smiled, however, a flash of buoyant, reckless energy lit his features, hinting at the springy clean backbone of strength and courage.

"You seem well acquainted with my affairs," he said quietly.

"That's my business. You're said to belong to the Knights of the Golden Circle."

Forbes stiffened. His swift glance was challenging. "Are you a member?"

"God forbid! If I knew the secrets of that society, I'd put it behind the bars where it belongs."

"You're Forbes was openly amused. "Just how would you do that, Mr. Boniface?"

"That's also my business. Forbes, this country is filled with lawless men from North and South, from the Western frontier, from everywhere. Along this river could be raised an army of desperadoes that would dare the gates of hell itself."

"It's been raised already."

The eyes of the two men met steadily. Friendly as he had become with Boniface, more friendly as he had become with Adele, Forbes until this moment had never penetrated

the man's reserve. What he saw now in those blue eyes startled him.

"I intend to fight this secret society," Boniface said flatly. "It's a menace to the prosperity of this country—a heinous menace!"

Forbes regarded him thoughtfully.

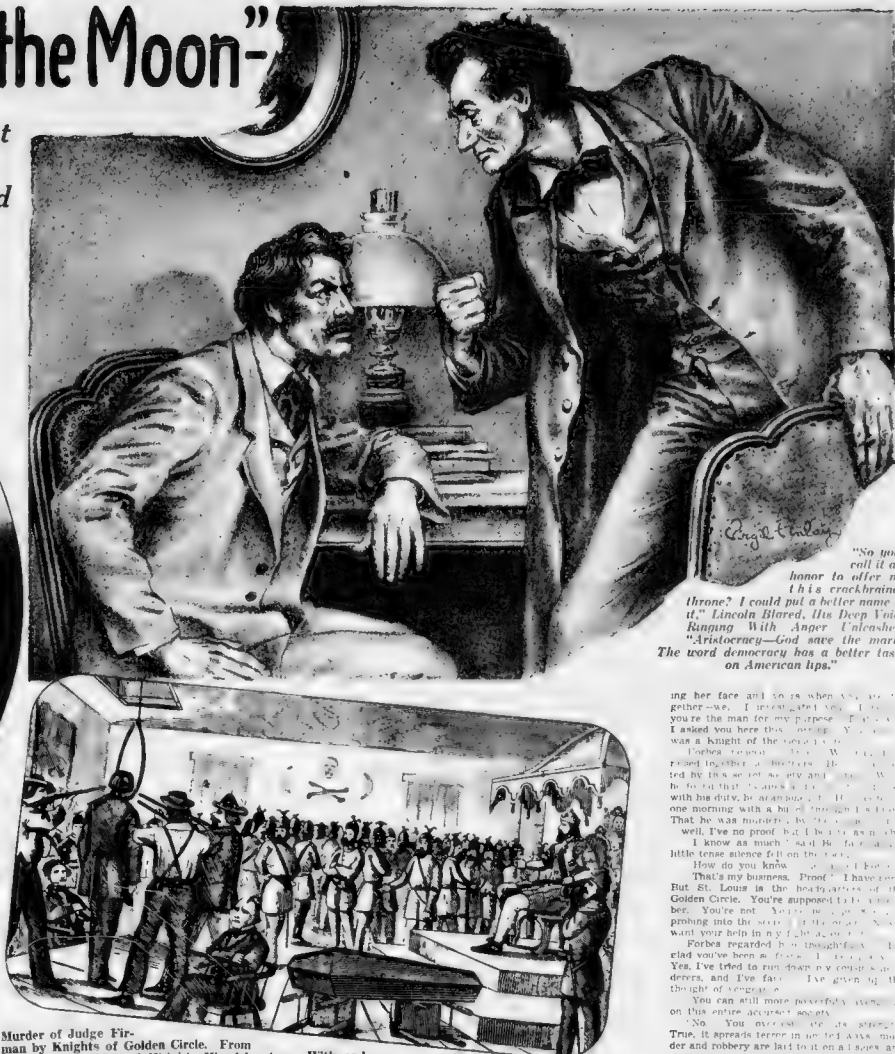
"You take it and I'll take it too seriously, perhaps," he observed. "The Golden Circle is a military order, aiming at the conquest of Mexico. No one knows just who belongs to it and who doesn't. You're newly arrived from the East, a Yankee. Even an abolitionist should have some enough to know he can't hope to fight the Golden Circle, without being picked up dead some morning."

"As was your cousin, Lieutenant Anderson of the United States Army."

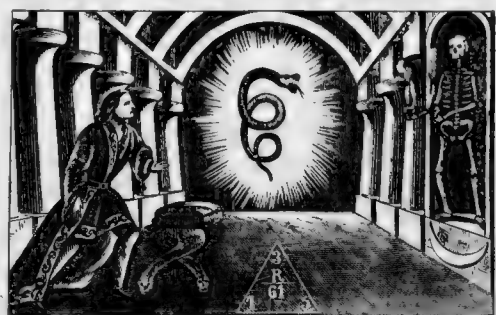
Forbes stiffened to the shock of those words. He fingers jerked toward the deringer in his waistcoat pocket, then fell.

"You'd better explain yourself," he said in a low voice. "Even to Adele, I've never mentioned my cousin. I think you know too much about me."

"My land business," said Boniface, "is one that demands an ability to investigate. Watching you and my daughter, Mr. Forbes, watch-



Murder of Judge Firman by Knights of Golden Circle. From "Narrative of Edmund Wright: His Adventures With and His Escape From the Knights of the Golden Circle," Published in 1861.



The Ante-Room of the serpent, One of the Ritual Rooms of the Knights of the Golden Circle. From "Narrative of Edmund Wright."

"So you call it an honor to offer me this crackbrained throne? I could put a better name in it." Lincoln blared, his deep voice ringing with anger unlesened. "Aristocracy—God save the mark! The word democracy has a better taste on American lips."

ing her face and so on when you get together—we, I repeat, and you, I repeat, I asked you here this morning. You were a knight of the order of the Golden Circle."

Forbes regarded him thoughtfully. He tried to recall that name and its meaning, but with his duty, his anxiety, his excitement, one morning with a bit of thought it slipped. That he was haunted, by the name, he well, I've no proof but it is not as a child you've been a knight of the Golden Circle. I've tried to run down my cousin's adventures, and I've failed. I've given up the thought of revenge."

You can still more perfectly succeed on this entire conspiracy society."

True, it appears terrible in the light of murder and robbery are laid to it on a paper, and it contains among ranks of the most type. But its true aim is to organize a Mexico which doesn't interest me. I know, because I've now as a member of the society at all about its workings."

"Good God!" exclaimed Boniface. "You can say such a thing."

Forbes shrugged. "That's nothing. I have my cousin's papers. He wrote to me in the prison, and he said that the Golden Circle is a military order, aiming at the conquest of Mexico. No one knows just who belongs to it and who doesn't. You're newly arrived from the East, a Yankee. Even an abolitionist should have some enough to know he can't hope to fight the Golden Circle, without being picked up dead some morning."

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"An army leaving the United States, armed and equipped with Federal rifle and artillery, to rob a neighbor nation. An army to bring the worst elements of our people and also some of the best—can't you see that?"

"Our government shamed and disgraced, our flag dishonored, our nation branded as a nation of looters, our people corrupted and falling, each other, our government disgraced, our press said, which meant that rebellion and revolution will break out here. Not to mention that European nations may choose to join us."

Forbes studied him. "What's the name of the order?" he asked. "The Knights of the Golden Circle?"

Forbes regarded him thoughtfully. He tried to recall that name and its meaning, but with his duty, his anxiety, his excitement, one morning with a bit of thought it slipped. That he was haunted, by the name, he well, I've no proof but it is not as a child you've been a knight of the Golden Circle. I've tried to run down my cousin's adventures, and I've failed. I've given up the thought of revenge."

You can still more perfectly succeed on this entire conspiracy society."

True, it appears terrible in the light of murder and robbery are laid to it on a paper, and it contains among ranks of the most type. But its true aim is to organize a Mexico which doesn't interest me. I know, because I've now as a member of the society at all about its workings."

"Good God!" exclaimed Boniface. "You can say such a thing."

Forbes shrugged. "That's nothing. I have my cousin's papers. He wrote to me in the prison, and he said that the Golden Circle is a military order, aiming at the conquest of Mexico. No one knows just who belongs to it and who doesn't. You're newly arrived from the East, a Yankee. Even an abolitionist should have some enough to know he can't hope to fight the Golden Circle, without being picked up dead some morning."

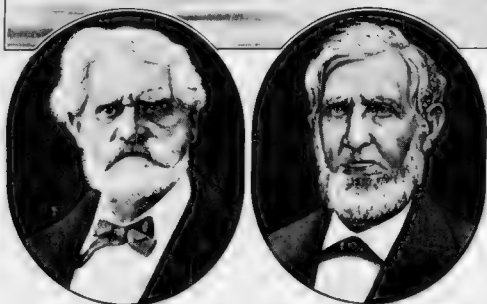
"As was your cousin, Lieutenant Anderson of the United States Army."

(Continued on Page 17)





The Start of the Race of the Mississippi Steamboats, "Robert E. Lee," and the "Natchez," on July 1, 1870, as They Steamed Off from New Orleans on the 1200-Mile Stretch to St. Louis.



Captain T. P. Leathers of the "Natchez," the Loser.

Captain J. W. Cannon of the "Robert E. Lee," the Winner of the Race.

By CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE.  
Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi River Steamboats.  
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(Continued from Last Sunday)

#### CHAPTER VII.

THERE wasn't much law or many law officers along the rivers in the old days. Mostly everybody carried a gun or a knife and settled their rows right then and there. And there were a good many bullies here and there—big, tough hombres that liked to pick a fight. But once in a while one of these quarrelsome nuisances got what was coming to him and everybody was plumb tickled to death. The bully that got licked crawled off and kept still and the man that downed him could have all the free drinks his skin would hold.

One day close to the wharf at Natchez, standing on the deck of a flatboat was a big brute of a man who kept yelling out asking if there was anybody who dared to come and "take the rust off of him." Said he he had a good fight in a long time and was getting lazy. None of the men standing 'round aimed to oblige him and I reckon maybe they didn't like the looks of his big muscles.

Pretty soon a little sawed-off man came along, and hearing the bully dare anyone to rub the rust off of him, stepped right up to him and said:

"Who might ye be, my chicken, eh?"

"I'm a high-pressure steamer," roared the big man.

"And I'm a snag," said the small one, as he pitched into him, and before he had time to think, the bully was sprawled on the deck. A big laugh went up from the crowd and many jumped on board the flatboat, slapped the little fellow on the back and carried him off to the barroom at the head of the wharf.

Even a peaceable man couldn't keep out of a row now and then and the mates and captains of the steamboats were liable to get into a mess any minute. The mates were a husky bunch and could take care of themselves no matter what broke loose—that's why they held their jobs. But the captains had to be pretty good in a fight, too.

During my years on the river I had to wade right into some pretty tough fights. A captain couldn't stand back when somebody was acting ugly, and it didn't make any difference if he was unarmed and they had a gun or a knife. He had to pitch in just the same with his bare fists. One time I got hit in the head with a rock and knocked senseless, head over heels into the water. But I reckon the closest call I ever had was in a fight with a man that didn't have but one hand.

For the life of me I can't recall his name, but he was a watchman on the old "St. Luke" when I was her mate. Strapped to the stump of his right arm he had a steel hook with a pointed end. He used to sit on deck hours at a time filing that hook, keeping it sharp as a dagger, and I reckon he did that just to make people scared of him.

He didn't seem to miss his right hand very much because he could do all kind of things with his hook. At the table he would spear a piece of

bread or meat and eat it off the hook just like it was a fork, and he carried his watchman's lantern with it, too, slung in the curved end.

But the time he got the best use out of it was when he was fighting. Then he'd grab a hold of somebody with it, and hang on, whilst he clubbed them with a piece of iron pipe he kept hanging from his left wrist on a strap.

I didn't like him, and I reckon he must have known it, because every time he saw me coming he'd start filing his hook. I was just under six feet, weighed about 180 pounds, was hard as nails and I could take care of myself in any rough-and-tumble fight. But I didn't aim to tie into that hook if I could help it.

I was the mate on the boat and when I told him to do something it was my business to see that he did it. So one night when he was taking his own time about doing something I told him to, I shouted out at him:

"Step lively."

All of a sudden he turned 'round and took a swipe at me with his hook, and I ducked just in time to feel the point scrape across my cheek. Then I let him have it in the mouth, knocking out a couple of his teeth. He staggered backwards, but quick as he got himself steady again he came back at me, trying to get that steel claw in my throat. There wasn't anything handy I could snatch up to hit him with, so I backed through a cabin door, with him right after me. I grabbed up a chair and threw it at him with all my might. But he ducked it, and it went smashing into a wooden partition, knocking out a panel. That left a hole big enough for the man in the next cabin to see what was going on, and his eyes mighty nigh popped out of his head.

The watchman had that hook caught in my shirt, and had raised his left hand, with the iron pipe in it. It sure looked like that was the end of Lou Rosche. But the next thing I knew the watchman gave a yank to pull me closer and the hook ripped out of my shirt. When my shirt gave way he stumbled over backwards, and I pounced right on top of him. I held back that hook arm with one hand and slammed him in the face with my other fist. By the time the man in the next cabin got out a gun I didn't need it. The watchman didn't have any more fight left in him.

Later on I got to be captain of the "St. Luke," and on one trip I picked up an old river man for my first mate, giving him the job because he was an old-timer and needed it real bad. I was afraid he would not be able to handle the roustabouts, who were a tough lot, so when I started off to bed I told him if any trouble came up on his watch to call me the first thing.

But the old fellow had a lot of pride and he'd rather die than have anybody think there was any kind of rumpus he couldn't handle, single handed. Sure enough, the roustabouts commenced acting up in the middle of George's watch, but the first I knew of it was when loud voices woke me up. I heard a strapping big Negro, one of the meanest I ever saw, shouting at George.

"I won't take no orders from you," he said, "you don't know how to load a boat."

We were tied up at the time at Saline City, Missouri, taking on lime. So I came out on deck, paid off the Negro and told him if he didn't get his black hide off my boat I'd kick his ears off.

I thought he'd left the boat but a little later

he jumped from behind a hog-head and went at me with a chunk of coal. I grabbed a fire hatchet hanging on the wall and the sight of that made him back water. He went down the gangplank like his britches was on fire. But he got me later on. I was standing by the gangplank when he hauled off and chunked a big rock at me.

When I came to I was lying in my bunk. I'd been knocked clean overboard into the river, and they had to fish me out with a long pole that had a steel hook on the end. That Negro got away, but the police in Saline City telegraphed everybody up and down the river to watch out for him.

When we tied up at Boonville a man I knew came aboard and told me I didn't need to worry about that bad Negro.

"Did you arrest him?" I asked.

"Well, not exactly," he replied. "We found him sleeping on some straw in a barn. So we just burned down the barn. It was a pity, too, because it wasn't such an old barn."

Another time when I was mate on the "Kate Kinney" we were taking on cotton south of Arkansas City. We were short handed so I went ashore and rounded up a dozen darkies by offering them 60 cents an hour, and that was mighty good pay. I told them to get on the boat and eat dinner before they went to work. After they finished eating I happened to notice only eleven of them were loading cotton. The other one was stretched out in the sun, picking his teeth.

"Look here, boy," I said, "what you think we're running, a free lunch? You get up and go to work."

"Don't make no difference to me what you run in," he replied. "Fae jest too full to work."

I reckon I shouldn't have done it but that made me so mad I picked up a shovel and took a whack at him. I just meant to crack him over the head with the flat side of the shovel, but I missed my aim and sliced off one of his ears. He raised quite a rumpus over that and I had to pay the sheriff \$50 before he would let the boat leave. But I bet that black man never got any of the \$50.

When we got down to New Orleans that Negro came aboard with a handaged head, and along with him was a deputy marshal with a warrant for me. They took me to the customs house, and right away the judge asked me what made me cut off that Negro's ear.

"I didn't aim to do it," I replied, and then I told how it happened.

The judge turned to that darky and said: "Look here, boy, that ain't no way to act. I ought to put you in jail for that. What do you mean by eating somebody's grub and then laying off like that? You get out of here before I lock you up."

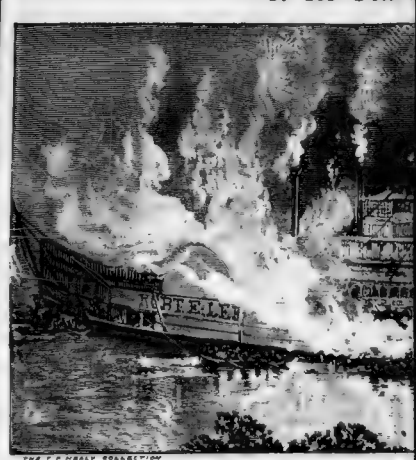
In the old days a lot of fights on the river grew out of the gambling that was going on all the time. Some of the gamblers were pretty good fighters, specially when it came to a rough-and-tumble scrap. One time a gambler on the "Alton" skinned a man from Pittsburgh out of several hundred dollars, and then trouble started. But the gambler was quick on the draw and had the other fellow covered with a pistol before he could get out his own gun.

"Now just cool off," the gambler said. "You are bigger than me, but I reckon I can lick the stuffing out of you. So I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just bet you all you lost that I can whip you. Then if you win you'll have your money back. How about it?"

The Pittsburgh man said it suited him right down to the ground, and dug up enough to cover the bet. Then they turned their guns over to the

# "OLD MAN RIVER"

Chapters From the Vanished  
Its Tributaries—Romantic  
the Heroines and Her  
Women Who Traveled  
Water-Road—  
of Its Old-Time



The Burning of the Second "Robert E. Lee," One of the Fastest Plantations, Louisiana, Many

mate and everybody went out on deck. A lot of the passengers started betting on the fight, and when the two fellows were stripped down to the waist, the odds were five to one on the man from Pittsburgh.

He was a good fighter, but the gambler knew a trick he had picked up from the Negroes down on the levee at New Orleans. The fight had no more than got started when he bent over and tore into the other man like a billygoat. He hit him smack in the face with the top of his head and knocked him half-way cross the deck. It took about three buckets of river water to bring that Northern man to.

Soon as he got his breath he started hollering that it wasn't a fair fight, because they didn't fight that way where he came from and he wasn't looking for what the gambler pulled on him. Some of the men who had bet on him and didn't want to settle up said he was right about it and pretty soon fights broke out all over the deck.

Rows started on the river boats often had follow-up and finish on the shore later on. One time a gambler named Parrish, who most always won at three-card monte, got into a poker game with another gambler named Furman, and got himself trimmed. So Parrish fit into Furman, but Furman lambasted the tar out of him.

A couple of months later Furman had the bad luck to walk into a saloon in St. Louis where Parrish was drinking with a bunch of his buddies. One of them a great big bruiser that looked like he could knock out anything in shoe-leather.

Right away Furman reckoned he had made a mistake, but he couldn't back out. If he did those fellows would spread it all up and down the river that he was feather-legged, and then everybody would be taking a crack at him and he'd be a busy fighting to prove he wasn't a coward the he wouldn't have any time for gambling.

So he walked right up to the bar and called for drinks for everybody. He saw Parrish who was perching to the big fellow and somebody went over and locked the door. Then that big brute stepped out into the middle of the room and threw down his coat.

"I can lick any man in this room," he said, and he looked straight at Furman. There wasn't a thing Furman could do but take him up on it. If he didn't he'd never hear the last of it. So he peeled off his coat and said:

"We'll just see about that."

The other fellow was a boxer, and he would have given Furman the beating of his life if the fight had lasted long enough. But Furman aimed to get it over quick as he could. He came from down the river, too, so the first chance he got he pulled that old butting trick, getting the box-



On the Deck of the "Natchez,"

# By Capt. Louis Rosche

Pageant of the Mississippi and  
Tragic and Adventurous,  
Boes, Bad Men and Bad  
veled the Historic  
Told by the Last  
Time Captains



Boats on "Old Man River," on September 30, 1882, Near Yucatan  
Lives Were Lost in This Disaster.



"Robert E. Lee" As It Steamed Past the  
the Loner of the Historic Race.



"When we started pitching that salt pork into the fireboxes, the flames roared and pretty soon the steam was  
screaming from the safety valves. We crept up on the Paragoud inch by inch and when the two boats bore  
down on the dock they were neck and neck. Then we heaved in our last barrel of pork and nosed into the  
wharf not more than half a length ahead of that other boat. The crowd pretty nearly went crazy." Says  
Captain Rosche of One of His Own Races When He Was First Mate of the "Dexter."

square in the mouth  
when he wasn't look-  
ing for it and knock-  
ing out about half  
of his teeth.

Parrish and his  
bunch were so mad  
they were just about  
to gang up on Fur-  
man when somebody  
started pounding on  
the door. It was a  
policeman who came  
along and found it  
locked, and he knew  
something was  
wrong because no  
saloon was looked  
up that time of night  
in St. Louis. When  
he saw what had  
been going on he  
took the two fighters  
off to jail.

When the judge  
heard about it he  
looked like he could  
bite a ten-penny nail  
in two.

"I got a good  
notion to send you two fellows to the rock pile," he  
said, "for not giving me a chance to see the  
fight."

Then he laughed and turned them loose.  
Another kind of gambling that started lots of  
rows was the betting on how fast the river boats  
could run. Every day there were little races go-  
ing on. If two boats were about ready to leave  
a landing one would wait for the other and then  
they would ginger up their engines and streak it  
to the next landing. All hands on each boat, pas-  
sengers and crew, would watch from the rail and  
shout bets back and forth. When the boats got  
in at the landing a fine bunch of fights mostly  
always broke out over settling the bets.

But the biggest race that ever was run on the  
Mississippi was the day the "Robert E. Lee" tried it  
out with the "Natchez." The old-timers that are  
still alive are arguing and squabbling about it even  
now—and the race was sixty-eight years ago.

All the old steamboat captains liked to have  
fast boats because that brought them more busi-  
ness. Everybody wanted to travel on a fast boat  
or ship their stuff on it. In those days people  
had their favorites and were all the time arguing  
over which boat was the fastest, just like they do  
now over which baseball team is going to win the  
World Series.

I reckon that everybody that ever made a trip  
on the "Lee" was sure she was the fastest, but it  
was just the other way with people who had been  
on the "Natchez." For quite a while there wasn't  
any chance to settle the question because the two  
boats were always at opposite ends of the run.  
But at last Captain T. P. Leathers of the "Natchez"  
put a piece in the papers saying he was going to  
wait for the "Lee" down in New Orleans and prove  
that his boat could run her ragged on the 1,200-  
mile stretch to St. Louis. He named the day and  
put it far enough ahead so everybody could get  
all worked up over it. The excitement wasn't just  
up and down the river. It was all over the coun-  
try, and everywhere there were a lot of people  
betting on that race.

I saw the finish from the landing in St. Louis,  
and I was right in the thick of the fights that  
started over settling the bets. I reckon there never  
was a race that got people so worked up, or  
started so many fights. At the time I was first  
mate on the "Dexter," which was a pretty fast  
boat herself.

I thought the "Lee" would win because she was  
older and had been broken in. The "Natchez" hadn't  
been built very long and was still stiff. Trying to  
make time in her would be something like running  
a foot race in a pair of new shoes. The second  
mate of the "Dexter" was rooting for the "Natchez,"  
so I asked him if he was game enough to back up his

talk with a hundred-dollar bet and he said he was.  
We shook hands on it, but I reckon we were not  
any too friendly about it.

Captain Leathers of the "Natchez" and Captain  
John W. Cannon of the "Lee" both spent quite a  
lot of time, and money, too, getting ready for the  
race. They couldn't take on enough wood and coal  
before they left to keep the boilers going full  
the whole way, so a lot depended on how quick  
they could pick up fresh supplies of fuel here and  
there as they went up the river. Each of them  
tried to work out a smart way to do that, without  
letting the other get on to what he was up to.

They stripped down their boats, getting rid  
of "wind-catchers." They took off everything they  
could get along without, pretty nearly everything  
above the decks except the cabins, the wheel-houses  
and the smokestacks. They took off all the win-  
dows and doors, so the wind could sweep right  
through, and all the rigging and derricks and the  
extra anchors and mooring chains. They wouldn't  
take on any freight, because they needed all the  
space for fuel, and they turned down any pas-  
sengers who didn't want to go all the way through  
—didn't aim to make any stops. They loaded up  
with coal and fat pine knots, because they burn  
fast and get up steam quick.

Then they were all set to go, and at five o'clock  
in the afternoon, July 1, 1870, they cut loose.  
The dock in New Orleans was crowded with people  
and the "Mayflower" went along for about twenty  
miles with a bunch of sporty young fellows. There  
were crowds on every landing all the way up the

Continued on Page 16.

# Pretty as Picture And Stronger Than Most Men

MANY an observant male, walking along the streets of Ocean Park, California, has turned to take a second look at a remarkably pretty blond young woman who seems the essence of golden-haired femininity. More often than not these alert members of the so-called stromper sex guess that the girl is some bewitching pumper and fragile star of the movies on a holiday from the sound stages of the cinema capital.

They're right about the girl being feminine and comely, but she is anything but pampered and fragile. On the contrary, Miss Reina Brewer, just

turned 17, is a modern Amazon and one of the strongest women for her size and weight, in the world—she's 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. The big picture on this page is proof of her power, and the photograph of her arm and shoulder development reveals a set of muscles that many a husky male would be proud to exhibit.

Almost every day this California girl goes through a

strenuous exercise routine to keep in the pink of physical condition. She punches

the bag, tosses a heavy barbell around, pulls at the cars of a rowing machine and hoists herself up and down a rope. Physical trainers on the Pacific Coast say that she is one of the most perfect physical specimens in this country or any other.

But, despite her Amazonian strength, Miss Brewer is graceful, soft-spoken and entirely feminine. It is her belief that, just because a girl is an athlete, she doesn't have to "lose the boys."

The California stromper, just, has no desire to show off her



Reina Brewer, Dressed for the Street.

Reina Brewer, just



Miss Brewer Displays the Arm and Shoulder Muscles That Many a Man Has Envyed.

## Death Ends Reign of "King of the Fleas"

THROUGH the streets of the city of Basle, in Bavaria, a long funeral procession recently wound its way toward the cemetery. Men and women of all classes followed the six stalwarts who bore the coffin, and among them were prominent officials of the city.

When dead?" asked a stranger who saw the impressive cortege from a crowded street corner.

"Don't you know?" was the indignant reply, "why it's William Hechter, the king of the fleas."

He was soon informed of the strange life of that rich citizen of Basle, who came to America years ago without a penny. He traveled in the steerage, with not even enough money to start on a shoe-string. But out of the very conditions of his poverty he built himself a great fortune.

Like most of his fellow voyagers, he was literally lousy on his first trip across. Fleas made his life miserable.

Hechter was not only poor and friendless—he was merciful. The thought of killing the fleas, which he kept picking them off himself and his ragged, lousy clothing, was repulsive. He let them live, but that didn't do any good. As soon as he got rid of them, they came marching right back, plaguing him anew, and even when they went elsewhere, it was hardly approved by his fellow-passengers, who felt he should do his share of flea-slaughtering for the common good.

At last he reached a compromise by putting the fleas into bottles as fast as he caught them, and, faced by the freedom of being shut up for the stormy voyage, he started to play

with the fleas. He soon found out that they actually could be trained to do things, and observed that the pests

were immensely powerful for their size.

A flea tied to an object, he found, keeps trying to jump free, and when the object is light enough, the flea drags it along by its own strength. He fastened the fleas to tiny objects until they were "broken" the way a horse is broken into harness. After a time the insects no longer jumped around. Realizing they could not free themselves, they walked quietly and learned to draw a miniature wagon which Hechter built for them out of broomstraw and splinters.

By the time the immigrant reached New York, he had his occupation under his arm—a pasteboard box full of fleas. He went into private business at Conny Island and for 40 years after that he took his Flea Theatre on tour all over the civilized world, until he had built up a fortune.

When he finally retired to Basle, it was as a famous as well as a wealthy man. To flea-circus enthusiasts he is regarded as "king of the fleas," not only because of his wealth, but because he has popularized an obscure art, of which he has mistakenly been called the originator.

Actually, trained fleas were entertaining people back in the 17th Century, and Frenchmen found time during the revolution to play with the tiny creatures. But Hechter is said to have put a new note of humaneness into the treatment accorded to fleas. He never overworked them, and fed them carefully balanced microscopical diets. He even retired them in old age and let them spend their last days in peace and contentment.

That is why Hechter, who disciplined the elusive fleas into earning his living, had so many mourners at his death. His passing was regarded as a loss, not only to the community, but to the world.

Many citizens of Basle say that the "king of the fleas" has no real successor to fill his shoes.

## A Comedian By Nature

MEET Pedro, the ridiculous looking South American tree porcupine who attracts more attention in the Buenos Aires zoo than the monkeys or any of the other animals, just because he is a natural-born clown.

The pose in which he is seen here is unusual because his favorite position is to hang by his tail from the branches. The picture, which was snapped in a moment during which he had the crowd roaring, shows him half life-size as he registers whimsical disinterest at the cameraman and at the cameraman.

What makes him seem even funnier is his deadpan expression, which hardly ever leaves him. This comic seriousness is so funny that it is hard to resist when he starts to "shine up" to the children and the grown-ups who stare through the bars.

It may be that he doesn't know how funny he is, as he swings on his log trapeze or shins up the dead tree that is planted in his cage. But it certainly seems that he is aware of the amusement he arouses, for every time there is a new burst of laughter or a gathering crowd he outdoes himself and tries out all kinds of stunts.

One thing seems certain—whether Pedro makes it or not—he's a comedian by nature. His tail is the only prop he needs—his agility and expression do the rest. And the whippers help a lot in making his mug absurd.

Pedro, the South American Tree Porcupine. That Is the Clown of the Buenos Aires Zoo.

## Biggest "Silver Dollar"?

THERE'S been a lot of queer money in the world, stoned the size of a mill-wheel, strung of shells, and even scalps of dead men. But one of the strangest coins ever minted is the Siamese silver "dollar," shown at the right.

This official coin tips the scale at two-and-a-half pounds, and is worth no less than \$40 in American money. Yet the Siamese is what the silver dollar is to Americans. And like the American "cartwheel" it's out of date and looked upon as a museum piece. Recently a fine specimen of the curious coin, the handle of not so loose change shown in the picture—was put up by Baron S. Van Moylen at a London numismatic auction, where it was pronounced the world's "largest silver coin."



This Ancient Siamese Silver Coin Recently Sold at Auction in London. Weighs 39 Ounces, Is Worth \$40, and Is Said to Be the Biggest Silver Piece Ever Used in Trade.

## Giants For Sale

TWO giants who cannot take any more of the world's troubles have just been evicted from their home in the town of Calais, France, and are not having their rent paid. The reason for this is that they are even making the giants unhappy, even though their country is covered in the town whose government has two hundred men on them.

The reason for their silence is that the two giants are made of wood and paper-mache. Their very size makes it difficult for the city of Calais to pay their rent. Recently their case was brought to court by the state, but no matter whether they had been paid or not, they would have to pay rent like anybody else or get out. As a result, "Constantine of Portugal" and "John of Asia," as they are known, have been put on the auction block and will be sold to the highest bidder.

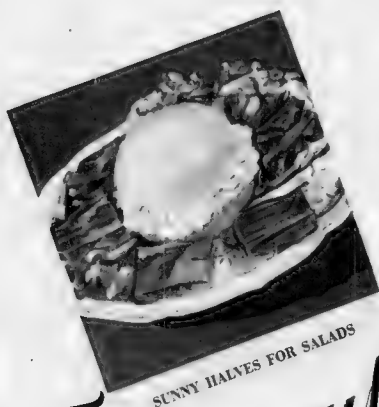
Many a citizen who remembers the giants who once played in the carnivals of Calais will be sorry to see them go. There are even legends among the villagers that at times the great figures come out at night and make a night of boisterous but harmless antics.

According to a customs official, the two giants of the city are such that a tax must be paid for every inch of their bodies. The city of Calais has been paying the tax for many years, but the giants have never paid it.

The committee on the giants has been working for some time to get the giants to pay their rent. The committee has been unsuccessful, and the giants have been evicted from their home in the town of Calais.

The committee on the giants has been working for some time to get the giants to pay their rent. The committee has been unsuccessful, and the giants have been evicted from their home in the town of Calais.





SUNNY HALVES FOR SALADS

Your grocer is running this special event—to help you turn the sun on your cold weather meals—and save you money, too

Thaw out your Winter Meals!

CALIFORNIA CANNED CLING

**PEACH**

BRIGHTEN YOUR WINTER MEALS



**SALE**

... SAVE MONEY, TOO!



BROILED HALVES WITH MEATS



RADIANT SLICES IN DESSERTS

Golden sparkle in your salad! Warm sunshine in your main course! Orchard flavor for your dessert! Yours—simply—with California Canned Cling Peaches.

To save you pennies, too—your grocer is turning his winter calendar topsy-turvy with a “summer sunshine” sale! All this week he is featuring Peaches—in many sizes of cans, and under various brand names. Luxury flavor—to set your winter meals aglow! Thrifty in cost—to suggest you fill your pantry shelves at today’s prices.

Just see the radiant dishes illustrated on this page! Then, try them. Peach Halves or Slices! Right from the can, or in made-up dishes! They promise sunshine on rainiest days—summer cheer when snow’s on the ground.

READY FOR INSTANT USE  
Fruit Cocktail and Peach Pie Salad—two other fine California Canned products that save you time, money and bother. Each is a combination of California Cling Peaches and several other tempting fruits—for party meals or busy days.

Free: 101 menu ideas! Write for our recipe book. Address: The California Canning Peach Industry, Department U, 64 Pine Street, San Francisco, Calif.

*California Cling Peaches* are superior strains of Peaches, specially developed for canning and to give you the sweet in texture, look and flavor.



GOLDEN SLICES ON CEREALS

*You can always count on*

**CLING PEACHES**



To help Prevent  
**COLDS**  
and Bad Breath...



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Chicago, Ill.

# "OLD MAN RIVER" By Captain Louis Rosche

(Continued from Double Page)

river, big ones and little ones and everybody was making bets and having a gay old time.

Captain Leathers let the Lee get away from the dock ahead of him because he had been bragging about how he was going to pass her before they were out of sight of New Orleans. But he couldn't make it.

Just above Vicksburg, Captain Cannon pulled a stunt that just made Captain Leathers froth at the mouth because he hadn't thought of it. Captain Cannon had the steamer "Frank Paragood" waiting for him out in the channel with a load of pine knots and coal. The Paragood was headed up-stream and moving at a pretty good clip. When the Lee overtook her and came alongside they were lashed together and roustabouts tossed the fuel from one to the other. Then they cast off the lines and the Paragood dropped back. All the way up the river, Captain Cannon had other steamers waiting for him, and took on fresh fuel the same way.

But Captain Leathers had to slow down and take barges in tow, and every time he did it he kept dropping behind.

Then the Lee's boilers started leaking, right into the fire box, and for a while it boiled like she would have to tie up and put out her fires before the leak could be stopped. But an engineer named E. A. W. wrapped up his head in some old rags and climbed under the boilers with a hammer and a cold chisel. He worked for an hour and he was going to be scared to death any minute but he kept banging away until Captain Cannon dragged him back by his heels. But he had seen enough to figure out a way to stop it. He tore into some hemp and ran it into the boilers through the pipe that pumps in fresh water and pretty soon the hemp settled down to the bottom and plugged up the leak.

By that time the Natchez had pulled up to about 40 yards behind the Lee and for a while it looked like she was going to pass her. But soon as the leak was stopped Captain Cannon started crowding on more steam and pulled away from the Natchez again.

A big crowd was down the docks at Memphis ready to set off a lot of fireworks as soon as the first boat came in and pretty soon somebody saw black smoke pouring around the Natchez and she stopped.

So they shot off the fireworks but the boat was the "Thomas Bean," making a regular run. The Lee was still a good little piece down the river and her passengers and crew could just see the fireworks shooting up in the distance.

Not far below the mouth of the Ohio the "Idiotee" came along and the Lee was soon passing her from Louisville and Cincinnati who were willing to pay a good price just as they could say were on the Lee when she came into St. Louis. That made nearly 300 people on the Lee.

About dark on July 3 the Lee and the Natchez both ran into a heavy fog. The Natchez cut her speed until she was just crawling along. But Captain Cannon asked the St. Louis pilot, who had come aboard the Lee, if he was sure enough to keep on trying to make a record and he said he was. So they ran the engines as fast as they dared to, and everybody with sharp eyes stayed out on deck, straining to catch sight of the shore. Time after time somebody would get out a yell and the pilot would throw the wheel over just in time to keep from running aground.

But the fog lifted soon after daylight, and after that there was nothing to it. I reckon the biggest Fourth of July crowd I ever saw turned out to meet her. Excursion boats went down the river about twenty miles, with people whooping and hollering all over the decks, and bands playing fit to kill. A special train ran along the railroad tracks on the river bank, keeping neck and neck with her as she steamed into St. Louis. The cannon at Jefferson Barracks gave her a salute.



One of the curious features in the construction of Mississippi Steamships was the Collapsible Steamstacks. Along the Rivers Trestles and Ties Would Often Come Across the Rivers, Making Them Impossible for Boats with Smokestacks. Events First High, Pumps Were Designed So That They Could Be Tilted Back and the Boat Could Pass under the Natural Bridge. In This Way New Areas of the South Were Opened Up for Trade Settlement by Pioneers.

as she went by, and at 11:25 that morning she came streaking by the wharf. She made the trip in three days, 18 hours and 14 minutes.

As she went by I turned to the second mate of the Dexter and said how about letting me have that hundred dollars right away because I was aching to throw a celebration. That made him stomping mad.

"There's something crooked about this race," he said, "and I ain't paying you 'til the Natchez gets in and I hear her side of the story."

"It was a fair race," I came back at him. "The Lee's the best boat, just like I told you, but you don't know it even now."

I held out my hand for my money, but I didn't get it. Instead of paying me he hauled off and hit me in the nose, and we had a rough-and-tumble fight, same as a lot of other people along the docks, and all the way down the river to New Orleans, too. The Natchez didn't get in until about six hours later, and mostly everybody who had bet on her said it wasn't a fair race. They said Captain Cannon had pulled a dirty trick when he had the Frank Paragood and other steamers waiting for him loaded with fuel, but everybody who bet on the Lee thought he had just outsmarted Captain Leathers by doing that. I never did collect my bet, and I reckon I was a lot of others who didn't either, but lots of them collected black eyes.

There are still old river men who believe the Natchez was the fastest boat, as I have said, but for winning that race Captain Cannon was given a pair of his pilot house, and he kept them there as long as he was Captain of the Robert R. Lee. The Paragood, because she was a

hand in himself was the time we ran against the Frank Paragood when I was first mate of the Dexter. They used to call the crowd would start shouting.

"Never mind the tale, Go ahead and beat that snowdrift." When we tore into the home stretch with Greenville just about five miles away, the Paragood was leading us by close onto a quarter of a mile. Our pine knots and our cottonwood was all gone and we were burning coal trying to make it go up fast by rowing row on it. But we couldn't get up enough steam that way to catch the Paragood and it sure looked like we were licked.

Then Captain Montgomery turned to me and said: "Mr. Rosche, take the roustabouts to the store room and fetch out every barrel of salt pork we got on this boat." When we started pitching that fat sidemeat into the firebricks the flames roared and pretty soon the steam was screaming from the safety valves. We crept up on the Paragood inch by inch and when the two boats were

southern boat. She carried the sail, but they wouldn't let her moad any mast that trip. For me the steamed forward a long the crowd would start shouting.

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down on the dock they were neck and neck. Then we heaved in our last barrel of pork and nosed into the wharf just as the Lee was half a length ahead of that other boat. The crowd pretty nearly went crazy. They wanted the Paragood to win but they liked a close finish and that was what we gave them, so they just about yelled their lungs out for us.

But every once in a while a steamboat race had an unhappy ending. I reckon about the same one was the time the Ben Sherrod was racing the Prairie. That was at night, and about 300 passengers were asleep. It wasn't a regular race, the Sherrod came around a bend and the Captain saw the Prairie a little ahead of him and made up his mind to overtake her. But the Captain of the Prairie heard him coming and crowded on steam.

Then the firemen on the Sherrod commenced drinking whiskey for the afterpart, so they could shovel coal faster, and pretty soon they were so drunk they didn't know what they were doing. The boilers got overheated and set fire to forty or fifty cords of wood and before the passengers knew what was going on the Sherrod burst into flames. The deckhands got away with the lifeboats before the captain could stop them, and when the passengers came tearing out on deck, they found the ship on fire.

The fire tried to herd the boat into the shore but the steering gear burned away and she swung back into the current. The fire broke out and her crew started picking up people who were floating around in the river. A little later the steamer Action came tearing along and I reckon her Captain couldn't have known what had happened or didn't know how to handle her boat because she plowed right through the wreckage, full steam ahead. I reckon that was the only people who might have been saved.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

"Sorry we Can't Accept"

**OUR MOTTO—UNTIL JOHN LEARNED HOW TO ALKALIZE ACID INDIGESTION**

ON JOHN HERE'S AN INVITATION TO THE DINNER OF THE SEASON EVERYBODY WILL BE THERE

MORNING DOCTOR MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO FOR MY ACID INDIGESTION?

TELL MRS. RITZ WELL COME TO HER DINNER PARTY DOG TOLD ME TO TAKE SOME PHILLIPS' TABLETS ALONG—EVERYTHING WOULD BE FINE

AFTER THE DINNER PARTY BOY WHAT A DINNER—AFRAID I ATE AND DRANK TOO MUCH. NOW ILL TAKE MY PHILLIPS' TABLETS LIKE THE DOCTOR SAID SURE HOPE THEY WORK

I HATE FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS—NO GAS—NO STOMACH UPSET—NO ACID INDIGESTION—USE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE

IM SO EXCITED ILL LET HER KNOW RIGHT AWAY!

SNT THAT WONDERFUL IM HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME OF MYSELF—TOO MUCH TO EAT—TOO FAST

Signs Which Often Indicate "Acid Indigestion"

**To Alkalize Acid Indigestion Be Sure You Get Phillips'**

With "acid indigestion" it stands to reason that the longer it goes, the worse it gets, and the harder it is to alkalinize. Therefore, act at the first sign of distress.

If you would reduce and "head off" nausea, "upset stomach," heartburn, gas, the thing to do is alkalinize immediately. Try this quick-curing "Take a Phillips' Milk of Magnesia" tablet, or two teaspoons of it, and you will have the same alkalinizing effect.

Almost at once you feel "acid indigestion" curbed. "Acid" headache and heartburn, from indigestion, all are given amazingly fast relief. You feel like a different person. When you're going out carry your alkalinizer with you, always in tablets. They taste like peppermint. They cost less for you. When you buy insist on Genuine Phillips.

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA**

THE ORIGINAL IN LIQUID FORM

## U. S. Women Most "Paintable"

**J. W. DE REHLING-QUIST**  
GAARD, the prominent Danish-American artist, says that the "most paintable women" are the Americans and he is to be found in the United States today.

"The women of today are nature's supreme achievement on the human score," he explained. "The young girls coming out of college have beauty of form, of face, of movement, of mind and spirit not equaled since Raphael's day."

eyes, hair, figures and features, but of the character of the sitter.

J. W. de Rehling-Quistgaard does a great deal of modernistic art and says that future generations will have to go into museum cellars for a peek at examples of that art.

"Modern art," he states, "originated in Paris and got its start toward a strange sort of popularity, not through any merit of the work but through the high pressure publicity. It became a craze for the time for millionaires to buy these amazing products."

"One of these paintings was made during a visit I made in Paris. The artist took a dinner of the time for a millionaires and sold it for hundreds of francs and later for thousands of American dollars."

Mr. Quistgaard worked his way to America on a tramp steamer and became prominent when he came to the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903.

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## Vary Your Macaroni Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,  
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

## Washington's Birthday Menu

### Birthday Luncheon

Cherry and Pineapple Cocktail  
Tomato Bouillon

Celery Chicken a la King on Toast  
Small Baking-Powder Baked Hamlets  
Endive and Cucumber Salad  
Colonial Pudding  
Chocolate Logs (Fruit cake baked in cornstarch pans and covered with chocolate frosting).

### Patriotic Supper

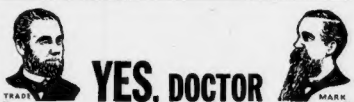
Broiled Oysters  
Hatched-Shaped Hot Stuffed French Biscuits or Potato Rolls  
Cranberry Jelly  
Maple Sugar Bonbons  
Thinly-Sliced Cold Meat  
Coke Salad  
Hickory Nut Doughnuts  
Assorted Candies

## Electric Casserole Cooking

The electric casserole is a distinct improvement in cooking technique, and a distinct American achievement, writes Mrs. Christine Frederick. Here the heat-resistant glass dishes are fitted into an oval or oblong metal container (fitted with tightly fitting lid) which is equipped with electric heating unit and cord.

Place your meat, poultry or vegetables in the glass baking dishes, cover them tightly, adjust the outer unit, cover, and plug in as you would a toaster or percolator. You may prefer high heat for a short period and then switch to low for a long period.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that the electric casserole will, by being so practical, bring back a revival of old-time casserole dishes. The compact, tightly-encased outer covering of the lid and the inner arrangement of grids, etc., with no waste



YES, DOCTOR

The only cough drops containing VITAMIN A are the famous Smith Brothers Cough Drops. A recent medical study shows that Vitamin A raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections. Two kinds of Smith Bros. Cough Drops: Black or Menthol—5¢.

## CORNS STOP HURTING

Safe, Sure Relief In One Minute!

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, pain vanishes! Nagging shoe pressure ends at once. They prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; ease new or tight shoes. The soothing medication in these thin, cushioning pads quickly breaks down corns, blisters and calluses. No other method does all these things for you! Scholl's Corns, Calluses, Blisters, Sore Corns between toes. Get a box today. Cut it right. Sold everywhere.

## Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



MAKE THE "LIGHT TEST" YOURSELF AND SEE Soft-Wave WALDORF'S DOUBLE COMFORT AND SECURITY!



### Macaroni with Veal and Mushrooms.

COOK 1 cup macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Wash, peel and slice 1/2 pound fresh mushrooms. Cook for ten minutes in 3 tablespoons butter or shortening. Remove mushrooms. Add 3 tablespoons flour to the shortening and stir until smooth. Add 1 cup veal or chicken stock and 2 cups milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add a few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup diced cooked veal and the cooked mushrooms to this sauce. In a shallow

buttered baking dish arrange alternate layers of the cooked macaroni and the creamed veal mixture. Sprinkle with buttered bread-crumbs and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, about 15 minutes or until crumbs are brown.

### Macaroni and Veal Stew.

BROWN 1 pound veal and 1 cup sliced mushrooms in 4 tablespoons butter. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add 1 diced carrot, 2 stalks finely-chopped celery, and 1 small onion. Mix 1 tablespoon flour with 3 table-

spoons water and 1/2 cup tomato paste and add to meat mixture. Add water gradually, stirring constantly, until the meat is half covered. Cover closely and cook gently until tender. Cook 1/2 cup broken macaroni in boiling salted water and serve with the stew.

### Macaroni with Mustard.

COOK 1 1/2 cups broken macaroni in boiling salted water for 20 minutes or until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Drain again. Put the macaroni in a buttered baking dish, dot with 1/2 tablespoon butter and sprinkle

with 1/4 teaspoon mustard and 1/4 cup grated cheese. Repeat, pour over 1/2 cup well-seasoned white sauce, cover with 3 tablespoons buttered bread-crumbs and bake in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, until crumbs are brown.

### Spaghetti with Chicken.

HAVE ready 1 cup cold diced chicken or tongue and 1 cup cooked spaghetti cut in short pieces. Scald 1 1/2 cups thin cream over hot water and add the chicken or tongue, or a mixture of them and the spaghetti. To 2 beaten egg yolks add 2 tablespoons cream and stir into the meat mixture. Season with a few grains paprika and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Serve immediately with small paprika biscuits.

### Roman Style Macaroni.

COOK 1 1/2 cups macaroni in salted boiling water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening, add 1 tablespoon flour, 1/4 teaspoon paprika, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon chicken stock and 1 cup thick strained tomato pulp. Stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add the drained macaroni and stir occasionally while it is heating. Add 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese. Lift with a fork and spoon immediately and serve immediately.

### Macaroni with Fresh Mushrooms.

MELT 1/2 cup butter, add 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms, and 1/2 cup cream. Cook for 20 minutes or until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening, add 1/4 teaspoon paprika, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon chicken stock and 1 cup thick strained tomato pulp. Stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add the drained macaroni and stir occasionally while it is heating. Add 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese. Lift with a fork and spoon immediately and serve immediately.

### Baked Macaroni with Cheese.

BOIL and drain 2 cups macaroni, broken into short pieces. Arrange a layer in the bottom of a baking dish. Have ready 1/2 pound grated cheese, 1/2 cup milk, 2 tablespoons shortening and salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle the macaroni with some of the cheese and dot with a little butter. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Continue until all the macaroni and cheese have been used, leaving the macaroni on top. Dot the macaroni with butter. Add the milk and bake until brown. Serve in the dish in which it was baked.

### Baked Macaroni with Chipped Beef.

BREAK macaroni in short pieces. Cook about 1/2 cup in boiling salted water until tender, stirring frequently with a fork to prevent sticking. Drain and pour over it 1 quart cold water. Drain again. Cover 1/2 pound thinly-sliced dried beef with hot water and let stand 15 or 20 minutes. Drain. Arrange alternate layer of dried beef in a buttered baking dish. Pour over 2 cups rich white sauce, cover with 1/2 cup buttered bread-crumbs and bake in a hot

oven, or at about 400 degrees, until crumbs are brown.

### White Sauce with Cream.

MELT 4 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Then add 2 cups milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 1/4 cup cream, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper.

### Baked Spaghetti with Peanut Butter.

COOK 1 cup broken spaghetti or macaroni in boiling salted water until soft. Drain and rinse with cold water. Drain and put in buttered baking dish. Scald 2 cups milk over hot water and add 2 cups peanut butter and 1/2 cup cream. Stir until smooth and creamy. Add 1/4 cup cream, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. When smooth, pour over the spaghetti, cover and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, about 45 minutes. Remove cover, sprinkle with 1/2 cup buttered bread-crumbs, and bake until crumbs are brown.

### Boiled Macaroni.

ADD 1 tablespoon salt to 2 quarts boiling water. Add 1/2 cup broken macaroni and cook until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Add 1/2 cup cream, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. When smooth, pour over the spaghetti, cover and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, about 45 minutes. Remove cover, sprinkle with 1/2 cup buttered bread-crumbs, and bake until crumbs are brown.

### Macaroni or Spaghetti with Ham.

BREAK 1 cup macaroni in short pieces and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 1/2 cups milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 1/2 cup cream, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. When smooth, pour over the spaghetti, cover and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, about 45 minutes. Remove cover, sprinkle with 1/2 cup buttered bread-crumbs, and bake until crumbs are brown.

### Mystery Cake.

By Request.  
MELT 4 ounces unsweetened chocolate over hot water. Cook 1 1/2 cups sugar with 1/2 cup water until mixture forms a golden syrup. Add 1 cup boiling water and cook until thick. Add to the melted chocolate and blend well. Keep warm over hot water. Beat 1 1/2 cups cream until thick. Add 2 cups sifted sugar and 1/2 cup water and mix lightly. Fold 2 cups flour sifted with 1/2 teaspoons baking-powder and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Beat 3 egg yolks until light, and combine with cream mixture. Fold in 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites and a few drops vanilla. Add 1/4 cup of the chocolate caramel syrup. Turn into 3 buttered and floured layer cake pans and bake in a moderate hot oven. Put together and cover with mystery frosting, made as follows: Boil syrup remaining from mystery cake until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Pour slowly on 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Cook until nearly cold. Add sifted powdered sugar to make stiff enough to spread. Flavor with a few drops vanilla.

## American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3821—SLIMMING—CHARMING—VERSATILE—THIS GRACEFUL ENSEMBLE OF WRIST-LENGTH JACKET AND "BOY" FROCK. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3823—PICTURE THIS DAINTY FROCK STITCHED UP IN COLORFUL SYNTHETIC RUM PANEL AND NEW SLEEVES. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 18 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3822—SLENDERIZING FLATTERY IS THE MOTTO OF THIS BEWITCHING PANEL-FROCK! A TREAT FOR DAYS AT HOME. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 2 1/2 yards ruffling.

Pattern 3824—SIMPLE TO SEW FUN TO WEAR, IS THIS DASHING WASH FROCK THAT BOASTS BUT FOUR MAJOR PATTERN PIECES. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 18 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3825—SLENDERIZING FLATTERY IS THE MOTTO OF THIS BEWITCHING PANEL-FROCK! A TREAT FOR DAYS AT HOME. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 2 1/2 yards ruffling.

Pattern 3826—SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN TOWELS—A GAY PEASANT GIRL IN SIMPLE STITCHERY WITH JUST TWO PATCHES IN APPLIQUE FOR ADDED COLOR. Pattern 3826 gives a transfer pattern of seven motifs—one for each day of the week 4 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches; color suggestions. Illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

Pattern 3827—FOR PARTIES OR EVERYDAY, LITTLE SUSAN WILL LOVE EITHER VERSION OF THIS CAPTIVATING, FULL-SKIRTED FROCK. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2 yards 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15¢ EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern.

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Due to excessive requests, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

## THEY THOUGHT JOAN WAS A "PROBLEM CHILD"



## Recipes Readers Request

### Dried Beans Hollandaise.

PICK over and wash 1 pint of dried lima beans. Let soak overnight in cold water. Drain and cover with cold water. Simmer gently for 4 hours or until tender, adding 1/2 teaspoon salt to a pint of beans when they are about half tender. There should be less than a cup of liquid in the beans when they are done. When tender beat 2 tablespoons butter until creamy, add 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon minced parsley (if you like it), 1/4 teaspoon black pepper and 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Add the liquid from the beans to this mixture. Pour over the beans, stir with fork until egg is set and serve immediately.

### Mushrooms au Gratin.

SALT and prick mushroom caps, reserving skins and stems for seasoning. Melt 2 tablespoons

butter in frying pan, and cook the sliced mushrooms in the butter, stirring constantly for 3 or 4 minutes. Then add enough cream or cream sauce to blend well. Bring to boiling point. Turn into buttered au gratin dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with buttered bread-crumbs and cook in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, about 10 minutes.

### Scalloped Potatoes with Smoked Sausages.

HAVE ready 1/2 pound smoked sausages and sliced raw potatoes. Arrange alternate layers of the sausages and potatoes in a casserole dish, sprinkling layers with flour, salt and paprika. Add 1/4 cup evaporated milk diluted with 1/2 cup water. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 1 hour.





# ECONOMY is a FORD word



**I**F THERE is one word in the dictionary which the Ford Motor Company might rightfully reserve to its own use, that word is **ECONOMY**.

Thirty years ago, when the automobile was commonly called "a rich man's toy," Henry Ford set out alone to put the world on wheels.

## THE FIRST FORD POLICY

It was then he said: "I will build a motor car for the multitude. It will be constructed of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest designs that modern engineering can devise. But it will be so low in price that any man making ordinarily good wages can own one." That fundamental Ford policy has never changed.

In the early years, when it was necessary to build small 4-cylinder cars in order to assure economy, Henry Ford built and sold small 4-cylinder cars—in large quantities.

But when the fast-growing facilities of the Ford Motor Company reached a point where it was possible to build larger, finer V-type 8-cylinder cars and keep small-car economy—Henry Ford did that—again alone. It is one reason why more 1937 Ford V-8 cars were bought than any other make.

## TWO NEW FORD CARS

For 1938, two Ford cars are offered you. One is the De Luxe Ford, in 3 body types, with the 85-horsepower V-8 engine—still an economi-

cal car to own and operate. It has richer appointments, and all the best features that have ever been built into any Ford car. The closed sedans have longer bodies, with more room.

The other is the Standard Ford, with a choice of 85-horsepower or 60-horsepower V-8 engine. It has the basic Ford advantages of the De Luxe, and it is built on the same 112-inch wheelbase chassis, to the same high standard of mechanical excellence. But it is lower priced, and with the thrifty "60" engine, it provides the lowest operating cost in all Ford history.

You are invited to see and drive the 1938 De Luxe and Standard Ford cars now on display at your local Ford dealership—to prove for yourself that ECONOMY is a FORD word.

## QUICK FACTS ON THE NEW FORDS

**DE LUXE FORD V-8** . . . 112-inch wheelbase . . . 85-horsepower engine . . . Improved Easy-Action Safety Brakes . . . Center-Poise Ride . . . All-steel body . . . Mohair or Broadcloth upholstery . . . Walnut-finished trim . . . Two horns, tail lights, sun visors, windshield wipers . . . Glove compartment lock . . . Clock . . . Cigar lighter . . . Foot control for headlight beams, with indicator on instrument panel . . . Radius steel wheel hubs . . . 3 body types . . . A choice of 6 colors.

**STANDARD FORD V-8** . . . 112-inch wheelbase . . . 85 or 60 horsepower engine . . . Improved Easy-Action Safety Brakes . . . Center-Poise Ride . . . All-steel body . . . Broadcloth or Mohair\* upholstery . . . Mahogany-finished trim . . . One tail light, sun visor, windshield wiper . . . Twin horns . . . Cigar lighter . . . Foot control for headlight beams, with indicator on instrument panel . . . 3 body types . . . A choice of 3 colors.

\*Mohair at small extra cost in "60."

**THE QUALITY CAR IN  
THE LOW-PRICE FIELD**

**FORD V-8 FOR 1938**